The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* January *will be noticed in the* February *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th February *in the* March *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The remaining manuscripts of Charlotte Brontë in the possession of her husband and others have now been purchased for publication. They are far more numerous and important than it had been imagined, and will make a substantial and valuable addition to the body of her work, alike in prose and poetry, a very large number of hitherto unknown letters having also been recovered. A biographical volume will be published entirely made up of fresh matter, and repeating nothing that has already appeared in Mrs. Gaskell's biography.

In the memoir of Lady Eastlake, recently published by Mr. Murray, it is admitted that she wrote the famous or infamous review of "Jane Eyre" in the *Quarterly Review*. Credit is given to the Bookman for first unearthing this fact. A letter from Lockhart to Lady Eastlake is published which shows that, as might have been expected, he was in full sympathy with his contributor. No confirmation, however, is given to the theory that Lockhart was himself part author of the review, and that the more unpardonable phrases came from him. We have always distrusted this theory, even as advocated by such authorities as Mr. Lang and Dr. Wright. There is not a shadow of reason to suppose that Lady Eastlake either had or needed any assistance, and much in her biography shows that such writing came to her naturally.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new novel is called "Hilda Stafford," and the first instalment will appear in *Blackwood's Magazine* early this year. The scene is laid in California, and the story is understood to be the best thing Miss Harraden has done as yet. *Blackwood's* announces for 1896 also Mr. Blackmore's new novel, "Dariel: A Romance of Surrey."

"Q's" short story "Ia," which has done so much for the success of "Yule Tide" this year, is to be included in Cassell's three-and-sixpenny series of books, of which Conan Doyle's "Doings of Raffles Haw" was the first volume. "Q" hopes to finish his long-promised serious story by the end of May.

Mr. George Gissing thinks that the very important novel upon which he is now engaged will occupy him during the whole of next year. So entirely absorbed is he in this work that he is very reluctant to take any contracts for short stories just now, and is declining proposals of the kind very freely.

Among the early journalistic enterprises of the new year is to be included a paper under the editorship of Mr. Herbert Vivian. The title is to be *Give and Take*, and many novelties are promised. Several young Oxford men are to assist in the production of the new smart journal.

Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., is writing his recollections, and he will have the volume ready for Messrs. Chatto and Windus in the spring. Mr. Storey has worked in nearly every quarter of Europe, and his amazing fund of anecdote should help him to produce a really interesting book.

Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, are to publish a new edition of Shakespeare in twelve handy volumes. Some side notes will be introduced, in which the meaning of obsolete words and phrases will be given.

A well-known London publisher was recently heard to remark that a well-known lady novelist had told him that she had recently sold eight books to eight different firms.

Mr. Anthony Hope is now occupied for a large portion of each day superintending the production of the dramatised version of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the St. James's Theatre.

The series of plays which Sir Walter Besant and Mr. W. H. Pollock are contributing to *Pearson's Magazine* will, towards the end of next year, be published in book form. The volume will contain some plays in addition to those appearing in the magazine.

A birthday-book compiled from the writings of Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been in preparation for some time, and should be issued towards the end of next year.

We understand that the sale of Mr. Balfour's "The Foundations of Belief" continues to be as brisk as ever, and that another new edition is now in the press.

We hear that another edition of 10,000 copies of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Second Jungle Book" is in the press. We believe that this book has sold more rapidly than any book previously published by Mr. Kipling.

Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, is to publish a book by Mr. Rider Haggard early in the spring.

Mrs. Clifford is being pressed to return to her early field

of work as a writer of children's stories, in which she gained great success.

The Marquis of Lorne has been very actively engaged in literature since he has been at Windsor. His Guide to the Castle was published some time back, and he is now at work upon several papers, historical and literary, upon the same subject. It is rumoured, also, that he is about to write a novel, and that he has lately finished a short story.

Messrs. A. and C. Black in this country, and Messrs. Fred. A. Stokes Co. in New York, will shortly issue Mrs. Andrew Dean's new story, "A Woman with a Future," at present being published serially in the *Illustrated London News*.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel, "The Grey Man," commences in the *Graphic* this month. It will be published in America in *Harper's Weekly*, and in Australia in a pro minent Sydney paper.

Messrs. Isbister expect to issue early in the new year Professor Moulton's important book, "The Literary Study of the Bible"—an account of the leading forms of literature represented in the various books of the sacred writings. Mr. Moulton, who was formerly Lecturer in Literature under the Local Lectures Syndicate of the University of Cambridge, is at present Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago.

In the *Contemporary* for January Mr. Jon Stefansson makes an interesting contribution to the literature which has grown round about "Hamlet." It appears that in Shakespeare's time the royal castle at Elsinore contained a state-room hung with tapestry, on which the mythical and historic Kings of Denmark were depicted in their habits as they lived. From this fact it is evident that Shakespeare intended the "counterfeit presentment of two brothers" to appear, not as miniatures or a picture and a miniature (according to the reading of various tragedians), but as full-length figures in the arras. A more interesting matter is how it happened that Shakespeare was aware of the existence of these kirgs of shreds and patches. Mr. Stefansson adduces evidence to make it probable, if not absolutely to prove, that the poet may have been a member of the company of English actors (William Kemp, George Bryan, Thomas Pope, and others) who visited the Danish Court in 1586, and that he may not only have actually seen this tapestried hall, but have noted the beetling cliff of Elsinore, have heard the heavens "respeaking earthly thunder" as the King pledged his guests, have learned something about the university life at Wittenberg, and picked up various noticeable bits of local colour which could hardly have been otherwise obtained than by a visit to Denmark. Fragments of the tapestry, saved from a destructive fire, may still be seen in the Museum at Copenhagen.

Incidentally Mr. Stefansson mentions that the mere titles of works on, and editions of, "Hamlet" take up thirty folio pages in the great catalogue of the British Museum, while the name of Shakespeare fills five catalogue volumes in folio, each containing a hundred pages, and that some of the titles represent from ten to forty volumes.

We understand that Mr. Alexander Allardyce is well advanced with his "History of Aberdeen and Banff," which is to be one of the volumes in Messrs. Blackwood's "County Histories of Scotland." Sheriff Mackay's "Fife and Kinross" is in the press, and will be published early in the year; and Sir Herbert Maxwell has completed his volume on "Galloway." Dr. Cameron Lees is hard at work on the "History of Inverness."

"The X Jewel: A Scottish Romance of the days of James VI.," which Messrs. Blackwood are to publish in February, is by the Hon. Frederick Moncrieff, Barrister-at-Law, who has been appointed Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Mauritius. Mr. Moncrieff is a son of the late Lord Moncrieff of Tullibole, Lord Justice Clerk of the Court of Session. Messrs. Harper have the American rights of the novel.

An "Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language," by Mr. Alexander Macbain, M.A. F.S.A.(Scot.) will be issued by the Northern Counties Publishing Company, Inverness, early this month (January). Though several vocabularies with etymologies of the older forms of Brittonic and Old Gaelic have been published, Mr. Macbain's is the first dictionary of the kind dealing thoroughly with any modern Celtic language. The work comprises every word in the Gaelic language, and the parallel words in Irish, Welsh, Cornish, and Breton are also given. Where possible the word is traced to its Aryan root, and the cognate forms in European languages and Sanskrit are referred to. The names and surnames of the Scottish Highlands are discussed in an appendix. Mr. Macbain, who is head master of Raining's School, Inverness, is a well-known authority on Celtic antiquities, and has already published several works. He has lately edited the "Reliquiae Celticae" of the Dr. Cameron of Brodick. He has been engaged on his forthcoming dictionary for the past twelve years. He acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Whitley Stokes's "Erkeltrascher Sprachschatz," which was published last year.

Mr. David Nutt is bringing out a new Gaelic Grammar by Dr. Cameron Gillies, of Hampstead, London.

The Clarendon Press are about to issue a collection of the traditional hymns of the ancient Gaelic Church in Scotland, by Mr. Alexander Carmichael, of Edinburgh. Mr. Carmichael, who is in the Excise, is a very learned Celt, with an extensive acquaintance with the old customs of the Western Isles.

Mr. John Macqueen is to publish early in the year the Diary of a lady at the Court of George IV.

Miss Sybil Beatrice Reid, author of "Sweet Peas," is to publish a new novel entitled "My dear Grenadier." Mr. Macqueen is the publisher, and he is bringing out also a romance of last century entitled, "The Sign of the Cross-Keys."

The Edinburgh Stevenson seems to have started quite a craze for complete editions, and we hear that new complete editions of the works of Barrie and Bret Harte are in a

forward state of preparation. In each case the publishers are American firms.

The publication of Slatin Pasha's "Fire and Sword in the Soudan" has been postponed until January, in order to enable the issue of the book to take place simultaneously here and in America.

Mr. Walter Pollock has written a new play for Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who has recently made such a success with "The Chili Widow."

Mr. Guy Boothby's "A Bid for Fortune" has been dramatised, and will, it is expected, be produced at a well-known London theatre almost immediately.

Messrs. Gay and Bird will in the future publish the *Atlantic Monthly* in this country.

The second edition of "The Men of the Moss-Hags," completing the 25th thousand, has been almost exhausted, and the third edition will be printed after the New Year holidays.

Messrs. Isbister will publish early in January Mr. H. Holman's "Introduction to the principles of Education and their psychological foundations."

We give the latest lists of book sales in the leading American towns. It will be observed that the lists are prior to the publication of some of the books at present most in demand:—

NEW YORK.

1. Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. College Girls. By Goodloe. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Uncle Remus. By Harris. $2.00. (Appleton.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead and Co.)
5. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1 25 (Longmans.)
6. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1 25. (Dodd, Mead and Co.)
2. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)
3. King's Stratagem. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt and Bruce.)
4. Meadow-Grass. By Alice Brown. $1.50 net. (Copeland and Day.)
5. Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longman.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25 (Longman.)
2. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)
4. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Joan Haste. By Haggard. $1.25. (Longman.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead and Co.)
2. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longman.)
5. The Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., will publish about the end of January Dr. Conan Doyle's "Exploits of Brigadier Gerrard." Another publication of Messrs. Newnes is to be a work entitled "The Way of the Cross." It will contain a series of reproductions from photographs, illustrating the entire life of Christ from the Annunciation at Nazareth and the Birth at Bethlehem up to the Crucifixion on Mount Calvary, forming a pictorial pilgrimage, with letterpress description of the various places as they can be found to-day.

We learn from an interview with Mr. Frowde, published in our spirited contemporary, *Bookselling*, that the circulation of the Oxford Bible for Teachers has reached the enormous number of over two millions. The Oxford Press publishes seventy-eight editions of the Bible and ninety editions of the Prayer Book. The Oxford India paper has revolutionised the trade. It was first manufactured in 1875, and is the thinnest and strongest opaque paper made. The secret of its manufacture is said to be known only to three men, who have up to the present guarded it jealously.

Mr. James Annand, the late editor of the *Newcastle Daily Leader*, has been entertained by the Newcastle Liberal Club. Colonel T. Crawford, chairman of the Club, presided. Mr. Annand said that his call to the establishment of the *Newcastle Daily* and *Weekly Leader* came to him from a community rather than from any small number of individuals. He believed it was the general wish of the whole Liberal party of the North of England that he should undertake the responsibility. He undertook it, and he stood by that undertaking until the *Leader* had become an established fact, until it became a permanent addition to the Liberal journalism of the country. He did not wish to boast personally of that, for he had strong support and able colleagues. He was now an editor out of office. In that he resembled certain Liberal statesmen, and if he was out of office he was not in opposition. Mr. Annand alluded in conclusion to his twenty-five years' connection with the journalism of Newcastle, and said that although they were to speak parting words at that gathering, he and the district could never now be really separated.

The *World* gives the following announcement a prominent place: "So many ridiculous rumours reach us respecting this journal and its proprietors, that it seems opportune to state, once for all, that neither the *World* nor any share or interest in it has been sold or is for sale."

Among other novelists who have recently paid short visits to London are Maarten Maartens and Mr. Quiller Couch.

The Joseph Knight Company, of America, are bringing out an illustrated edition of Mr. Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine." There are nearly 100 illustrations, and they are said to be bright and clever. The artist is a young Englishman, Mr. M. B. Prendergast, who studied in Paris, and went about a year ago to Boston, where he has been gradually making his way.

Mr. Barrie, writing to an American correspondent recently, said: "I often wonder why some of you do not get more enthusiastic over 'Q's' work. He seems to me to catch the magic, the tragic human voice of the sea beyond any of his contemporaries."

Messrs. Scribner are publishing in America, "Wandering Heath" and "Ia."

The complications of titles are wonderful. Some two years ago Mr. Brander Mathews was at work on a novel which he determined to call "The Son of His Father." He opened a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, and found a story by Rudyard Kipling under that heading. He wrote to Mr. Kipling mildly complaining. Mr. Kipling at once wrote back apologising for not being a mind reader, and promising that when his sketch appeared in book form, it should do so under the title "Adam." When the manuscript was sent off to Messrs. Harper they wrote that some years before they had published a novel by Mrs. Oliphant entitled "The Son of His Father." Mr. Mathews thereupon changed the title of his book to "His Father's Son," and under that name it was published as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*. After the first few numbers had appeared Mr. Edgar Fawcett sent a letter calling attention to the fact that fifteen years ago he had published in the *Galaxy* a story with the title "His Father's Son."

Mrs. Humphry Ward is at work on another short story.

Mr. George Augustus Sala had outlived his reputation, or rather, he had lived in a generation which did not know him. The truth is that his style greatly deteriorated. Those who know his early work are aware that he was a man of real force. In the *Welcome Guest* and in *Temple Bar*, as well as in other periodicals, some of which have been long dead, will be found the strongest specimens of his work. Among the best and most trustworthy accounts of his early history is that supplied by Edmund Yates in his admirable volume of reminiscences, a book which, as we have already had occasion to say, is one of permanent worth.

The architectural illustration on p. 14 of the supplement to the Christmas BOOKMAN was not from Sir W. Besant's "Westminster," as erroneously stated, but from Mr. Pennell's "Modern Illustration," recently issued by Messrs. Bell.

Mr. Frederick C. Gordon, who has illustrated "A Doctor of the Old School," has written in the American *Bookman* an interesting account of his visit to Drumtochty, from which we extract a few paragraphs:—

"Logiealmond, Ian Maclaren's 'Drumtochty,' is not marked on the maps of Scotland. It is neither village nor parish. It is an estate, for many generations that of the Lairds of Logie, but now the property of the wealthy Earl Mansfield. It is about eight miles by four in extent, and is situated some twelve miles north-west of the ancient city of Perth, along the foot of the Grampian Hills, whose rugged peaks form, roughly speaking, its northern boundary, while the river Almond marks its limits on the south. The name is of Celtic origin, and signifies "The Valley of the Water.' The rare and varying beauty of the surrounding landscape, with its hills and mountains taking on every hue, from the delicacy of the wood-violet to a deep, sombre, saddening purple; with its heathery moors and flower-begemmed fields; its many noisy burns foaming deep down between their rough braes—all of these physical charms that go to fill the heart of the artist and the true lover of nature with the keenest joy, or with a sort of sweet sadness that is akin to joy—all these must go undescribed; for, indeed, such things are not to be pictured in words. But there are some things of interest that may be more definitely touched upon. The little hamlet of Harrietfield, where Mr. Watson lived, is the only semblance of a village in the entire Logiealmond district. It consists of two rows of well-built, semi-detached stone cottages, mostly of one storey. Half of them stand along the north side of the smooth main road, while the others are placed about fifty yards back, with their fronts facing the back doors of the houses on the street and their rear walls, with no openings but a few tiny windows abutting sharply on the lane behind. This solitary and friendless-looking lane is the only road leading to the Free Kirk and its Manse."

"About two miles east of Harrietfield, hidden from all but the eye of a searcher, in the depths of an ancient and venerable forest, stands the neglected and pathetic ruins of Logie House, which is to be the scene of a coming story by Mr. Watson, a tale of Jacobite times. This old mansion was for centuries the residence of the Lairds of Logie, the last of whom, it is said, died of sorrow and homesickness after the estate passed to Earl Mansfield. A drive of six miles to the west leads to a scene of genuine Highland grandeur, the Sma' Glen, which is a rugged and awe-inspiring cleft through the heart of the Grampians. This is the 'Glen Urtach' of the *Bonnie Brier Bush*."

"Conditions have been changing of late, by the force of modern inventions, and probably it will not be long before some corresponding alteration will be observed in the character of the people. Reaping machines assist some of the farmers in their harvest; bicycles (old-fashioned rattle-bones) carry the quarrymen to and from their work; and Posty, a young and active successor to Ian Maclaren's stern-visaged theologian and 'sermon-taster,' carries the mail on a fine pneumatic-tire machine. The Free Kirk Manse is fitted with electric bells throughout; and Mr. Watson was quite shocked, on his last visit to his old home, to find that a 'bus is now running twice a week between Logiealmond and Perth."

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

NOVEMBER 25th to DECEMBER 21st, 1895.

Great is the joy in the bookselling trade at the revival that has taken place. Whether it is Christmas trade only or a permanent improvement, time will show. As we write, the wholesale trade is at its wits' end to get all the orders in hand completed in time for the retailer to receive his parcel before Christmas. The colonial and continental business has been very good for the period named. This week it is a little easier.

The leading book of the season and *facile princeps* is "Trilby." It is selling at the rate of several tons per month. Following it at a respectful distance, as being next in popular favour, are Crockett's "Sweetheart Travellers" and Marie Corelli's "Sorrows of Satan."

The demand for fairy tales continues unabated. The Rev. Baring Gould's collection is in great request.

Drawing-room table books are fast disappearing. The public will not buy books which are issued merely to be looked at. They insist upon having a readable text, to which the illustrations are servants, and not by any means the masters. Hence the active enquiry for fiction in fine editions. Defoe, Fielding, Dumas, Balzac, Poe, Smollett, and other authors of established reputations are being sold in very dainty dress.

Minor poetry is decidedly at a discount, and it is doubtful if it is often heard of outside a certain street which is famed for its production. The poetry of William Watson is in good request. His "Father of the Forest," etc., has been very well received. Novel buyers should read the preface to Grant Allen's Hill Top novels. The author's estimate of the fiction of the day seems to be very correct. There is a good demand for Annuals, Diaries, and Almanacs, but the rush for the two latter classes commences, strangely enough, on New Year's Day. A very favourite gift-book for the season is one of the volumes of Dr. J. R. Miller's popular religious writings, which are issued in a delicate uniform binding at 2s. 6d. each by Hodder and Stoughton. Thousands have been sold. There are a few secessions from the ranks of magazine literature, as is usual at the end of the year. They are not of sufficient importance to specify.

Appended is a list of the leading books of the season. It would appear to show a wide range of taste, but this column chronicles, and must not criticise. Many of the titles have been named in previous lists. The selection has, however, been made after considerable careful enquiry, and may be taken as a correct index of the most popular books of the moment.

Trilby. By Geo. Du Maurier. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Sweetheart Travellers. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
My Honey. By the author of Tip Cat. 5s.
The Carbonnels. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
The Tiger of Mysore. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
A Knight of the White Cross. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
Through Russian Snows. By G. A. Henty. 5s.
The Story of Rosina. By Austin Dobson. 5s.
The Father of the Forest, etc. By Wm. Watson. 3s. 6d. net.
A Message for the Day. By J. R. Miller. 3s. 6d.
A Child's Garden of Verses. By R. L. Stevenson. 5s. net.
The Wallypug of Why. By G. E. Farrow. 5s.
Katawampus. By E. A. Parry. 3s. 6d.
The Gurneys of Earlham. By A. J. C. Hare. 2 vols. 25s.
The Red True Story Book. By A. Lang. 6s.
The Story of a Cat and a Cake. By M. Bramston. 2s. 6d.
The Chronicles of Count Antonio. By A. Hope. 6s.
The Red Cockade. By S. Weyman. 6s.
The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
One Who Looked On. By F. F. Montresor. 3s. 6d.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.
Stewart (Robert and Louisa). By Mary E. Watson. 3s. 6d.
A Lady of England (A.L.O.E.). By Agnes Giberne. 7s. 6d.
Diet in Sickness and Health. By Mrs. E. Hart. 3s. 6d.
The Teaching of Jesus. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.
The Master of the Musicians. By Emma Marshall. 5s.
Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Mrs. Burnett. 6s.
Absolute Surrender. By A. Murray. 2s. 6d.
Old English Fairy Tales. Selected by S. Baring-Gould. 6s.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Nov. 30, 1895.—A fair trade generally through the week. Continental and colonial departments busy.
Dec. 7, „ —Business decidedly better and well maintained. Colonial and continental trade ditto.
„ 14, „ —A busy week, without a break or lull. Foreign and colonial business very good.
„ 21, „ The heaviest week of the year, and a most satisfactory one for home trade. Colonial and foreign departments much quieter.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

ONE was amused to read in the papers, after Alexandre Dumas's death, the narratives about him which were contributed by so many correspondents. From these narratives of interviews and so on the reader must have formed the opinion that Dumas was a man as accessible to strangers as are most contemporary men of letters, and, as they are, as appreciative of the value of *réclame*. Such an opinion is an erroneous one, for there was not perhaps in Paris—not excepting the President of the French Republic—a man more inaccessible than was Dumas. He disliked and avoided not the *vulgus* alone but mankind in general. The reason of his dislike was an inherent one; it was made up partly of *morgue* and partly of nervousness. His manner was cold and reserved. I do not remember ever to have seen him "unbutton himself." Stay! Once I did so see him, and that was on the first occasion on which I saw him. That was many years ago. I had corresponded with him, but, knowing his aversion to strangers, I had never approached him. One day, however, I was asked by a friend to procure for Lady Dorothy Neville the signature of Alexandre Dumas *fils* in her birthday book, a book which contains the autograph of almost everybody of high rank or of high distinction who has lived and had his being during the last sixty years. (I had already procured for this same book the last signature that Victor Hugo ever wrote; in fact, it was to write his name there that he took pen in hand for the very last time—some days before his death) It was the sort of thing one does not readily do for oneself; more willingly, however, for others. By some mistake as to the entrances to the house in the Avenue de Villiers, I got into Dumas' kitchen instead of into his hall. The cook, who received me, sent my note and Lady Dorothy's birthday-book upstairs, and accommodated me with a chair. She took me, I believe, for someone for a charity; a man who had called for a subscription with a little book. She told me that it was very unlikely I should get anything, and, being in an amiable mood, entertained me whilst I was waiting with her conversation. It appeared that I had called just at Dumas' luncheon-hour, and had come into the kitchen just as preparations were being made for an omelette. It was an omelette invented, so the cook told me, by Monsieur's father, into the composition of which red pepper entered largely, as to which she remarked that there was no accounting for individual tastes. I spent an amusing quarter of an hour listening to her gossip and to the remarks of the other servants, none of whom seemed particularly well-disposed towards their master. There was full material there to furnish a contributor to a "society paper" with at least a page of personal paragraphs as spiced as was the omelette of "*feu le père de Monsieur.*" Our conversation was, however, interrupted by the arrival of Dumas himself. He appeared at the head of the stairs, and the first indication I had of his presence was a loud laugh. He called me upstairs, and conducted me to his study, and was laughing all the way. No doubt he had lunched comfortably, and was in a eupeptic humour. For my part, I never could understand what so tickled his fancy. He said that it was very droll that I should have been sitting in his kitchen, and he said that he was sure—in spite of my protestations—that I would publish in the American paper to which I was then acting as Paris correspondent a full account of "Dumas' House Below Stairs." At the same time he begged me not to betray the recipe of his father's omelette. He then wrote his name in Lady Dorothy's book, and kept me chatting on all kinds of subjects for over an hour. I often saw him afterwards, both at his house and in society, but, as I have said before, his manner was always cold and reserved. I knew that he was very sensitive about his birth, and bore a grudge against society for its manifestly unjust attitude towards children who, like himself, are born out of wedlock. I have conversed with him on the subject of illegitimacy, and I remember that I once pleased him by describing somebody as somebody else's natural father, when one usually would have referred to the latter as the former's natural son. He said that the description would sound well in a play. He was a sentimental man, *au fond*, as indeed most cynics are, and each year used to carry flowers to the cemetery to adorn the grave of the heroine of the "Dame aux Camellias"; an action which was certainly not dictated by a feeling of gratitude—as has been maliciously suggested—for the excellent material both fictional

and dramatic supplied by the career of Marguérite the frail and the fair.

One is not surprised that, in spite of the large debt owed to him by the French public, Dumas' character should have been so much attacked since his death. He was not *sympathique*, and a habit he had of neglecting his correspondence gave a good deal of offence. In the last years of his life he had made it his rule never to open any letters the handwriting on which was unfamiliar to him. About a year ago I received a long letter from him, in answer to one of mine in which I had complained of not having received any answer to a previous communication, in which he told me that he had at that time in his study considerably over five hundred letters which he had not opened and did not expect to open. People do not like such Napoleonic treatment of their communications, and many must have borne a grudge against Dumas.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, whom formerly I frequently used to visit. He was emphatically a "grand old man," fully as worthy of the title of "le grand Français" as was my poor old friend Ferdinand de Lesseps. His was a splendid example of the hygienic value of temperance and steady hard work. Almost all his time was spent in his study, which was comfortably, even luxuriously furnished. A peculiarity of his was that all the year round he kept a bright wood fire burning in this room, which made a visit to him in the summer somewhat of an ordeal to less chilly mortals. But he was so amiable, so interesting, so admirable to contemplate that one always enjoyed a call at the little house in Passy. He was especially courteous towards Englishmen, and expressed for British policy unbounded admiration. He described our occupation of Egypt as a benefit not only to that country but to civilisation, and this was the political topic upon which he was most eloquent. It is not surprising that, holding such views on this subject, he should have been very unpopular in Paris, but I do not remember ever to have heard any aspersion on his private character. He was a boon to journalists, and especially to foreign correspondents, for he was always ready to speak on political matters. Only on such matters, however, on which he was fully informed. He always refused to express himself on questions which he had not studied. The last letter which I received from him —written in a firm hand—was to tell me that he could not enlighten me on a certain point. "And," he added, "you know that I never speak except *en connaissance de cause.* One hopes that his life may be written, for guidance and example. If life is worth living at all, surely it is such a life as was lived for upwards of ninety years by Barthélemy de St. Hilaire.

Apropos, I hardly can believe that St. Hilaire was the page who carried the news of the birth of the King of Rome to the Empress Josephine. The King of Rome was born in 1811, and in that year Barthélemy de St. Hilaire was about seven years old.

Jules Moinaux, who died at the beginning of this month, was a police-court reporter who had raised his craft to the dignity of an art. He used to seize on the comic side of any case which he heard, and develop the trivial story into a fine piece of humour. Later he invented cases and contributed a long series of "Tribunaux Comiques" to the papers. These sketches were afterwards republished in volume form. More than a score of these volumes were published, each running into many editions. Poor Moinaux, however, had higher ambitions, and tried his hand at writing novels. But the public had "nailed him to the speciality" (to use Max Nordau's phrase) of comic police-court reporting, and would have none of his other books. This embittered his life and, here again the man who was a jester in public was in private a very unhappy man.

In connection with the dispute between M. Paul Bourget and his publisher over the latter's account of copies of "Outre-Mer" sold, a proposal mooted some years by Hector Malot has once more been under discussion in literary circles in Paris. Malot having reason to doubt his publisher's accounts, proposed that the author should be entitled to affix to each copy of his book a stamp, which he would obliterate by signing his name across it. No copies were to be sold without such a stamp; unstamped copies to be treated as pirated. The scheme was backed by the *Société des Romanciers*, but it never came into practice. Some publishers expressed themselves quite ready to agree to such a condition, others declared that such a proposal was a deliberate insult to them; Zola refused to co-operate. "You can't expect me to waste my time in signing my name in each of the 100,000 copies of the various editions of each of my books." Ollendorff said that it would be difficult for him to send Pierre Loti's books after him—say to Japan—for the purpose of obtaining his signature. Similar objections were everywhere urged, and the plan fell through. It strikes me as impracticable, though no doubt book-buyers would like to see it put into practice. Who would not prefer his copy of a favourite novel signed by the author?

In one respect the English author has the advantage over his French confrère. It is a rule in French printing-houses that a certain number of copies of any book printed belong by right of custom to the "chapel"—the members of which drink to the health of the author and to the success of the book on the proceeds of these copies.

It is a sign of the times that there is shortly to be issued in Paris a French argot dictionary. Dictionaries of argot into French have long existed, Delvau's "Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte" being perhaps the best. Now a demand has risen for a book by the help of which the young *pschutteux* or *pschutteuse* may be able to translate the French into slang, so as to give a thoroughly *fin de siècle* flavour to his remarks or hers.

An excellent book, giving the history of the novel in France during the whole of the nineteenth century, has recently been published by Plon. It is a valuable addition to any library.

Daudet's "Soutien de Famille" will not be finished until the spring. People say that it contains some of the best work he has yet done.

Zola will as usual set his name down as a candidate for the fauteuil at the Academy which has been vacated by the death of Alexandre Dumas. I do not think that he has the slightest chance of success. Academicians, even those in sympathy with him, disapprove of his persistence, which looks like an attempt to force their hands. Dumas, by the way, was next to Francois Coppée, Zola's warmest supporter for the Academy.

R. H. SHERARD.

THE READER.

NEGLECTED BOOKS.

IV.—THE BOOKS OF WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

IN the sixties and seventies of this century many readers of the literature of the day were familiar with the names of Matthew Browne and Henry Holbeach. Henry Holbeach, a vivaciously insurgent spirit, was best known as the writer of essays in moral philosophy, on the conflict of science and religion, the true bases of social order, the encroachment of government on natural rights, and similar high matters of debate. Matthew Browne was a lowlier philosopher and a less severe, more viewy, more lightsome, whose dealings were with the minor moralities, with literature, art, and the pains, pleasures, and perplexities of this mortal life. But Henry Holbeach and Matthew Browne wore the hat and walked in the shoes of William Brighty Rands, who, besides being Browne and Holbeach, wrote stories, was almost as much poet as moralist and metaphysician (though that was not his own opinion), and was the author of "Lilliput Levée," one of the most perfect books of verses for little children that were ever printed.

Rands died (he was born, I think, at the close of the year 1824) when his ever-growing and ever-restless mind was settling to its best. Unknown beyond a comparatively narrow circle, he and his books soon began to sink into oblivion, with others that declined no less speedily from a higher place in the world's esteem. Lately, however —I mean within the last two or three years—his name has been advanced pretty frequently by some discriminating book-lover here and there as one that deserves to be better remembered. And so it does; and there happens to be a particular reason for recalling attention to his writings, for they deal largely and boldly with questions of social morality and government which are much more widely debated now than they were in his own day.

When Rands's essay-books were first published (I am thinking more particularly of "Henry Holbeach" and "Views and Opinions, by Matthew Browne") his critics blamed them for a pervading vein of egotism, and even for a certain arrogance of superiority in sentiment as well as intellect; and the charge was not groundless. On that account, it was unfortunate that they could not be read in the light of some knowledge of the author and his history; and worse was it that, aware of what was wanted to give him a right standing in his readers' eyes, he affected to put himself into the hands of an editor whose main business was to explain Mr. Holbeach's writings by expounding the peculiarities of that gentleman's character. It was seen at once, of course, that Mr. Holbeach was his own expositor; and the device, though carried out in perfect good faith, only stiffened the reproach of egotism. His readers, strangers to him, who never in their lives encountered a character like Rands, must still think the less of him for a fault repeated too frequently and trivially. But to know the man was never to be offended by the appearance of any such fault. It was not in his conversation, though that abounded with a naiveté almost incomprehensible at times; and we know that there are resemblances without identity between the egotistic and the naïve. Moreover, in his appreciation of others there was a readier, heartier joyfuller welcome for every sort of merit than I have ever found in any other creature. Of many strong characteristics this was the strongest, and it is no mark of egotism. The feeling that put Rands upon the unfortunate expedient of getting a friend to interpret his character and then doing the job himself was a sound one at the start. The thing wanted doing; and what wants doing now is a selection from his best pieces—some of which have never been reprinted from the magazines for which they were written—with a good prefatory account of a man who was in some respects more remarkable and interesting as a study than any of his books.

Proud, though with no false conceit, of his psychologic insight, he was himself a psychologic curiosity. To those who knew him he stands clearly amongst the minds that are wonderful for being what they were. This is what we say of the very greatest; we neither say it nor think it of men (and there are plenty of them) whose accomplished work is far beyond any that William Rands left behind him; and yet it is perfectly true of William Rands. Were a little tree to spring from the ground in Hatton Garden, and, in an atmosphere not of Hatton Garden but its own, to put forth branches with something like the rapidity of growth that makes the juggler's mango famous, and then presently to show upon its branches several diverse kinds of flower and fruit, it would be a more surprising product than William Rands, but not much. In some remote way heredity must account for him, as it must have accounted for Shelley (whose whole character and temperament were repeated in W. B. R., with some differences and diminutions), although it is believed that no known family in England was less likely than the Shelleys to produce a Percy Bysshe. But excepting a certain puritanism which, though strong, was not a permeating element in his composition, nothing in him was related to his known origin and the conditions of his upbringing. What these were he has himself told with particularity enough to show that the one grasp on good earth that the roots of him had was in the bosom of his mother; to whom, nevertheless, he was in many respects foreign and incomprehensible. He had much to say of this good mother. By others whose relationship to her was less close, and therefore less dutiful, I have heard her praised as of the stuff that makes saints and martyrs. But it is plain that her goodness was of the hard Calvinistic type, and her son has said that she was entirely without the graces of tenderness and destitute of sympathetic imagination. From all that comes under the name of "culture" this dutiful and pious "woman of the people" was cut off by an ignorance which her rigorous sense of religion would have contented her with had she been aware of it; and her little son had no one else to turn to (his father being scarcely more helpful) for the comprehension, let alone the nurture, of a mind as precocious and as naturally given to poetics and philosophising as Hartley Coleridge's. I don't say that it was as considerable a mind, but neither do I know that it was not; for there is the difference of recognition and education from the cradle in the one case, and in the other the repression of neglect, the wounding of

derisive misunderstanding, the starvings of isolation and of poverty in every kind. All this—which is very like seclusion on the silent system with a diet of bread and water—had to be endured by what genius there was in the child Rands; and it not only lived, but flourished and did wonders. In his childhood he found out that he had clearer views of the right and wrong of things, a firmer perception of the ugly and the beautiful, than any of those amongst whom his lot was cast. As soon as he had got into his teens, and by the mere light of nature alone, he began to revolve in his mind the sort of questions that Berkeley and Bentham dealt with. He had to earn his bread from that time, and could not buy a shilling book at a stall without sacrifice of something that by common consent is thought much more needful; but, somehow, he got at books enough to set him up in four or five languages, and to give him a wide range of reading in philosophy, theology, poetry, and *belles lettres*, before he was five-and-twenty. This could only have been done, of course (for all the while he had his clerkships and what not to keep up), by help of a strong memory and extraordinary quickness of perception and acquisition; gifts which he had in most enviable measure. But this slight sketch of his story is meant not only to show the rare quality of his mind, its original force and spontaneity, as of a fountain springing to light in a desert and stony place, but also to explain what has been called his egotism. The truth seems to be that, amidst the surroundings of his childhood and youth, he was a wonder to himself; and that when he came into a higher and broader world the wonder was maintained by comparison of the celerity with which his own mind winged its way to conclusions which others trudged to by halting and laborious stages.

After this account of Rands' mental endowments, it would be natural for one who knew nothing of his work to expect great things from it. That, of course, I feel; and yet no great work of his can be pointed to. The necessity of spending a large part of his time in mere drudgery (of which, however, I never once heard him complain during many years of intimate friendship), the frequent invasion of petty cares, freakish health, restlessness of mind, a sensibility that was easily roused to hysteric pitch and then sank back upon utter exhaustion—these are some of the strands in a mesh of complexity that prevented him from attempting anything upon a full and well-planned scale. He could be assiduous; he had a great command of language, though rather careless than otherwise of showing what he could do with it; his eager fluency was rarely interrupted by the difficulties of expressing abstract thought; nevertheless, for the reasons here given (I can think of no others, and these do fully suffice) he never did justice to all that was in him. Yet his writings are very good to read. Besides the general display of a strange, original mind, they abound in touch-and-go suggestion, and not infrequently strike by some swift, keen stroke into the heart of the matter. His literary judgments are singularly clear and acute, and his skill in deducing character from a few pages of the written word is very remarkable. There are a score or two of lines in a controversial letter to Matthew Arnold (see the Holbeach volumes) which, I think, show a far more accurate appreciation of the critic than do any of the heaps of commentary on him that have lately filled the newspaper press; and what Rands wrote was written thirty years ago. He was beforehand by ten years at least with the Shelley enthusiasm which succeeded the fashionable passion for Blake, though I do not remember that he ever made Shelley the subject of special treatment. Pity altogether that he did not give more of his time to essays in literary criticism; it was there that he would have shone most brilliantly, or so I always thought, and think still after reading the most approved literary essayists of the day. However, his own bent was more to moral philosophy and social ethics—forced to the latter by the strong Shelleyism of his whole constitution. He was at least as passionate a nonconformist to the restraint on human will and conduct which society imposes as was Shelley himself. This, indeed, was a persistent note in his more serious writing, as they may be interested to know who are so warm over sex problems and the tyranny of the marriage bond as exemplified by conjugal-rights legislation. In this particular he was nearly twenty years ahead of the reformed feeling; writing about it with a vehemence which argued infinitely more courage at that time than it could now. In the conflict between science and religion, which in his day looked more formidable than it has since appeared, his argument, conducted on philosophic lines, was all for religion; and it is again remarkable that thirty years ago he foresaw and proclaimed the revolt against "the tyranny of science" which has only now become distinctly operative.

These things are said to justify the opinion that the William Rands, who was Henry Holbeach and Matthew Browne, and the anonymous author of "Tangled Talk" (a farrago of odd little essays in great variety), author also of "Lilliput Levée" (wherein will be found a most beautiful poem, "Baby," the second part of which would rank with the best in any anthology), is a writer well worth looking up by those who do not know him. His story, "Shoemaker's Village," I confess I do not think very much of, though it is curiously interesting for putting a good deal of his own character into the picture of a girl. His "Chaucer's England" was much praised when it came out; but that piece of work he undertook with too little preparation. The earlier chapters are, however, very good. His first book was a pretty Christmas story, "The Frost on the Pane," published in 1854.

Rands was a man of slender figure, loosely built, topped by a beautiful head, and graced by a fine dark face that resembled the more flattering portraits of Edgar Poe. He could be boisterously gay, had a catholic taste for jokes and puns of every decent description, and in the years I knew him gave to his friends a most stimulating and charming companionship.

LIVING CRITICS.

IV.—MR. R. H. HUTTON.

THERE is probably no English journal that wields a stronger influence over thoughtful men than the *Spectator*. There is, moreover, none that has more marked and recognisable characteristics of its own. In both its great departments of politics and literature the *Spectator* has for many years struck an unmistakable note. To have

distinguished itself from other papers by exaggeration or violence of style and tone would have been comparatively easy; but neither in its political nor in its literary articles is the *Spectator* guilty of excess. We may differ from its views, but we must acknowledge the fairness of its intention and the almost invariable moderation with which that intention is expressed. The *Spectator* has, as much as any individual man, a character of its own; but it is a character which, like some of the creations of dramatic genius, impresses us rather by its even good sense, and sanity, and calm intelligence, than by the abnormal development of a few traits. To have stamped such a character upon the great paper, and to have won for it the respect of so many well-educated readers, is no small exploit. The men who have performed it are men worthy of study. They are more than merely clever, or able, or talented men. They must, of course, be that first of all; but they must, moreover, have the power of sympathy and the faculty of leadership. They have moulded others in their own image, or have given them a complexion, as nature herself dictates, as it were, the colour of her creatures. The *Spectator is* the *Spectator;* it is not a mere collection of essays issued periodically by one publishing house.

Mr. R. H. Hutton modestly describes his own as much the smaller share in this remarkable work—the high estimate of which here given is mine, not his. But at any rate, to have had a share in it at all marks Mr. Hutton as something more than an individual critic. He is not to be measured merely by the work, important as it is, which bears his own name. He is also the head of what may fairly be called a school. Consciously or unconsciously, he has influenced the majority, at least, of the numerous writers who must have collaborated in the weekly literary articles of the *Spectator*. This is the first point to be insisted upon in an appreciation of Mr. Hutton as a critic. We must put to his credit not only all that is of merit in his writings, but that personal power which he has wielded over others.

Probably if we can explain this power we shall have a clue to the explanation also of Mr. Hutton's own literary work. The less is included within the greater; and, highly as I esteem Mr. Hutton's writings, I suspect (and to any one not in the secrets of the *Spectator* it can only be a conjecture) that he has done even greater work as an editor than he has as an author. We must ask, then, what are the qualities necessary to such success. In the first place, the editor who impresses *himself* upon men will probably prove to be a man of many interests. Men are, as a rule, first attracted by what is like themselves; they may be afterwards won to respect and perhaps to imitate what is unlike. Now, variety of interest is certainly one of the features of Mr. Hutton's literary work. His style is not particularly flexible, but the range of his subjects is wide. His "Studies in Parliament" prove that he has not wholly confined himself to the province of literature; he is widely known as a writer on theological topics; and there is great diversity of theme even in his more strictly literary essays.

It would be a mistake to regard Mr. Hutton as the exponent of a literary craft, viewed as a thing apart. To him, rules of art are always in intimate relation to rules of life. Thus, in his extremely able and interesting essay on "Goethe and his Influence," he criticises Goethe for the *un*moral character of his genius and work. It has often been done, but it has rarely been done so well; and of course Mr. Hutton avoids the Philistine fallacy that every work of art must have "a moral," a sort of tag to catch the eye of those who cannot read between the lines. His complaint is that in Goethe there is nothing—of the moral kind—between the lines to read. Here there is some exaggeration. In the character of Faust, for example, we may detect more of a moral foundation than Mr. Hutton perceives. But there is also a solid basis of truth in his view; and perhaps its principal fault lies, not so much in any positive error, as in the partial insensibility displayed to the fascination of the pure intellect. Goethe's critical detachment and his ability to fix "his eye on nature's plan" as an observer, not as an actor, are qualities outside the sphere of Mr. Hutton's sympathies. He understands, but he does not like; he is repelled rather than attracted.

We are led therefore to notice that the rules of life in relation to which Mr. Hutton always views the rules of art are of a specially theological cast. He is himself quite conscious of this characteristic of his work, and he frankly avows that the principles upon which his literary criticisms are founded are as theological as those of the theological essays themselves. The phraseology is accurate, and it points to a limitation which would not have been indicated had it been possible to say that the principles in question are as *religious* as those of the essays dealing with religion. There is perhaps something too much of dogma in the background of Mr. Hutton's criticism; and it is partly this that stops the flow of his sympathy towards Goethe. It must be added, however, that Mr. Hutton's sympathy, though not limitless, is wide; if it were not, he could hardly have done the work as an editor with which I have credited him. Mr. Hutton can appreciate and praise generously those who dissent from even his most cherished theological beliefs. George Eliot rejected Christianity, but few have estimated her work more highly than he. Matthew Arnold rejected it likewise—at least as it is taught by the Churches; but we may safely say that there is no critic who has so long and so steadily as Mr. Hutton maintained the greatness of Arnold's poetry. Both these writers attract him—Arnold, because the critic has detected the poet's deep sympathy with the creed his intellect compels him to reject, and the rapt tone so frequent in his verse. George Eliot, again, attracts him because of the spectacle of a moral nature very deep and strong labouring to exist without a God. Mr. Hutton does not believe in the possibility of doing so, and he thinks the very appearance of success is due to the unconscious use of those principles and beliefs which George Eliot denies. The interest in the effort is not destroyed, it is even increased for the critic by his conviction of its ultimate futility. The English writers, unlike Goethe, are themselves engaged in the conflict, and it is for this reason that they are in the critic's mind discriminated from Goethe.

There is clearly a certain loss involved in Mr. Hutton's building his criticism on a theological substructure. Very many in the present day dispute the intellectual soundness of that substructure; still more would maintain that, sound

or not, it must be tried by tests which he and those who think with him would hardly accept. But on the whole, as compared at least with criticisms of art, as a thing completely detachable from the other interests of life, the gain outweighs the loss. Nearly all the criticism that is remembered has a reach far beyond the sphere of purely technical questions, or of the mere analysis of beauty. Goethe, Coleridge, Lamb, Ste.-Beuve, Scherer, Arnold, all agree in laying a broad intellectual foundation for their criticism. Goethe, the greatest of them, is distinguished above the rest for his wide intellectual sweep; and Aristotle, the one man greater than even Goethe, who ever examined the groundwork of literary art, is also, appropriately, the one man who surpasses him in the range of his critical principles. Mr. Hutton, though he is not the equal of these giants, is by virtue of his method associated with this honourable company.

We find then that the most prominent features of Mr. Hutton's criticism are variety of interest and a sympathy, comprehensive indeed, but not entirely catholic. The unifying principle is given by theology, and theology determines likewise the limits of the sympathy. When there is no strong theological reason for either sympathy or antipathy his preferences are first for men of wholesome tone, and secondly, for men who to literary talent unite a comprehension of public life. The absence of complete wholesomeness accounts for an occasional asperity in the judgment on Carlyle. The wholesomeness of Wordsworth is part of the secret of Mr. Hutton's admiration for him. His admiration for Arnold, too, is all the higher because he is convinced that the poet's meditative melancholy never saps his manliness; there is an "irrepressible buoyancy" behind it all. But above all it is illustrated, as is likewise the second point, by the excellent monograph on Scott. Mr. Hutton responds in a moment to the manly simplicity of Scott. So do most critics who have the least touch of a similar quality in themselves. So did even Carlyle, who never failed more hopelessly, or was more conspicuously wrong-headed, than in his essay on Scott. But it has spurred few to labour, as Mr. Hutton has laboured, to understand Scott the man, even more perhaps than Scott the author. *Sic sedebat* is the touchingly simple inscription on the seated statue of Scott in the vaults of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. By its very brevity, by the absence of name, or date, or further specification, it indicates the personal appeal Scott makes to so many. No one can doubt who "he" is, and every one wishes to know how he used to sit and all about him. Since Lockhart's great Life, no writer on Scott has shown more clearly than Mr. Hutton the force of this personal interest. His book is conspicuous in the series to which it belongs as almost the only one which gives an impression of the man even more than of the writer. Perhaps its only rival in this respect is the volume in the same series which deals with Johnson.

But, as I have said, Mr. Hutton's treatment of Scott illustrates also his preference for men who, while they are men of letters, love to take an outlook into public life. He justly commends Scott on the ground that "you can hardly read any novel of Scott's and not become better aware what public life and political issues mean." He is here, perhaps unconsciously, praising Scott for observing in the novel the principle he himself observes in criticism. If good criticism must be wider than any mere body of technical rules, still more must good creative art go beyond its apparent limits. In this no doubt Mr. Hutton is reflecting his own life and experiences. His journalistic connections, his contact with many men and many phases of life, have confirmed what was probably an inherent tendency of mind, and made him look abroad for truth. Happily for him, those connections have been of the best kind. That he has always and in all his writings escaped the evils associated with journalism, it would be too much to say. But he has been saved—if he ever was in peril—from the parochial narrowness which is the besetting danger of perhaps all except the very highest circles of pure literature. There is no crowd, said Keats, more vulgar than the literary crowd. Mr. Hutton has none of this vulgarity, because he has learned to live and to think with statesmen and men of the world as well as with men of letters.

HUGH WALKER.

ON SOME CRITICS OF "JUDE THE OBSCURE."

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS.

ON the rare occasions when newspaper critics do not differ widely, they are apt to be wonderfully unanimous, and the united onslaught made by the press upon the last new work of our greatest living novelist is certainly a fact which invites comment. It is true that in this instance the reading world has already shown in the most practical manner its total disregard for the verdict of the press critics, whilst we can also well conceive that to the person principally concerned that verdict is a matter of indifference. But there are some among the admirers of his genius who are less patient of official arrogance or authorised incompetence; and, to such, a half-hour spent in the examination of the first critiques that come to hand may seem not wholly thrown away. Of these critiques four now lie upon my table, and it so happens that they form journalistically a fairly representative selection. They are those which have appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Nov. 12th), the *World* (Nov. 13th), the *Guardian* (same date), and the *Athenæum* (Nov. 23rd). Beginning with the *Pall Mall*, I find the best part of a column devoted to an article under the heading, "Jude the Obscene." Now the weakness of this journal for childish playing upon words has been so deplorably manifest of late that not one of its habitual readers will fail to understand how the word "obscene" comes where it does. Others may be misled; but, no matter at what expense of truth or courtesy, the witling must have his joke. From punning to burlesque the transition is natural, and accordingly our critic next proceeds to devote three-quarters of his article to a burlesque of the plot of "Jude." . . "After this he went to Christminster, the city of his dreams, and fell in love again with his cousin Sue, whose photograph he had been kissing on and off for years, and who had recently been turned out of an 'ecclesiastical warehouse' for keeping nude statues of Venus and Apollo wrapped up in brown paper in her bedroom. They confessed their love; but annoyed presumably at the discovery of a living legal impediment in the Antipodes, Sue abruptly married Phillotson, the elderly schoolmaster, and Jude, exclaiming as he worked, 'O Susanna Mary Florence, you don't know what

marriage means,' was reduced to giving her away" . . . and so forth, and so forth—a species of perversion which is somewhat cheap and more than somewhat dull. If memory serves, Mr. William Archer, in an admirable chapter on burlesque, gives a catalogue of serious works which the burlesque-writer has turned to his own objects, and from this list few of the masterpieces of tragic art are omitted. So that Mr. Hardy's "Jude" is at least in good company. In his last paragraph, having laughed his fill, the critic turns from ill-timed laughter to tears which are as little called for. But of the reverent spirit proper to the study of a great master's work, there is as little in his last mood as in his first.

The writer of the article headed "Degenerate Hardy" in the *World* appears to be a transcendentalist, with aspirations after a non-sexual and vegetarian state. "The opening scene," he writes, "of Jude's courtship of Arabella . . . is enough to sicken a scavenger." And, further on, a description of the killing of a pig "nauseates" him, and may be described, he considers, as "an act of literary suicide." He will no doubt be surprised to hear that this description has struck others in another light. Mr. Hardy's tenderness for animals is known, and under the heading "A Merciful Man," the December issue of the *Animals' Friend*, a periodical devoted to protecting the interests of dumb animals, reprints that very description. And certainly there are some among us who still hold that a novelist may have a higher function than that of drawing away our eyes from everything in life which is unpleasant, and who will acknowledge that to aid in the mitigation of avoidable barbarity constitutes in itself no trifling claim to honour.

The *Athenæum* critic comes mounted upon a very high horse indeed, and opens his notice of this "titanically bad book" with some general considerations calculated perhaps to impress the very youthful and docile, but in themselves eminently unconvincing. From a couple of invidious comparisons we seem to gather also that he is a member of the rival faction, and one whose heaven is not wide enough to hold two stars at once—who, given his way, would confront all new-comers sword in hand with Ancient Pistol's question. Of his ideas of tragedy a notion may be gained when it is stated that, in his estimation, that most real of tragedies—the tragedy of the man who is his own worst enemy—would seem to be no tragedy at all.

With the *Guardian* critique I have no sort of fault to find except to say that it ought never to have been written. The *Guardian*, as all the world knows, is the guardian of conventional orthodoxy, and its criticisms of books are naturally made from its own standpoint. Now the author of "Jude" in his preface warns the public in explicit terms that his book is not "for use in families," and one would think that the *Guardian* would do well to leave books thus labelled severely alone. These books presumably are read before they are reviewed, and if they be really so pernicious as the *Guardian* states, who can estimate the damage likely to be sustained by the orthodoxy of those who read, to review, them? No; for the future let the *Guardian* stick to her last; her opinion of such a book as "Jude the Obscure" cannot possibly be of any value.

So much for our critiques; but the point at issue is of too serious a nature to be thus easily dismissed. I will venture to assert that, among mere spectators, there is none who has a keener appreciation for the light, deft sword-play of journalistic wit than I have myself. As a literary product it is modern, and the actual present probably sees sword-arms trained to a higher pitch of dexterity, weapons polished to a finer edge, than have been known before. So far, so good. But—admirable in its proper sphere—there are occasions when this form of wit is ugly, injurious, out of place. It is no part of my present purpose to attempt an estimate of the merits of "Jude," and assuredly the book stands in no need of advocacy. If its grip upon the reader from first page to last, its amount of "new ground taken in," the pathos of its earlier pages and the poignant tragedy of its last, have escaped the eye of any one who has read it, this is not the place to point them out. Neither, in sooth, is it the place in which to hold a brief for the liberty of literature. That cause has been pleaded once for all by the greatest of living poets—the scorn and eloquence of whose youthful oratory must still ring freshly in the ears of all who, by giving heed to these things, become competent to discuss them. It is somewhat late now to be proving that, in order to be great, literature must be free, that whenever literature *has* been great it has been free, or has defied its trammels. It is somewhat late also to point out to purblind eyes that liberty is not license. But perhaps it is not too late to pose the pertinent question how it comes about that the very newspapers which vie with each other in appreciation of the effrontery of the libertine De Maupassant should raise their hands in pious horror over the earnestness and sincerity brought to bear by Thomas Hardy upon a social or sexual problem? We know well that standards of morals vary with climate, but these are not *individual* standards of morals, we presume. At Rome we may do well to adopt Roman manners, but we do not, I should hope, leave conscience and conviction at home! However, these things are subsidiary. I return to the consideration of journalistic wit, and the point on which I *do* insist is that the mature work of a writer of approved greatness be approached with something more of respect, and judged with something more of seriousness, than might be held adequate to the play-work of some intellectual school-girl. Have we so many great writers left with us—three or four at most—that we can afford to run the slightest risk of causing a moment's pain, an hour's depression, to one of them? And if one of these great writers, writing in the fulness of his powers, has decided on a new literary departure, amounting in effect to a desertion of the story of character in favour of the problem-novel, is there not antecedent probability that in so doing he is at least as good a judge of his own business as either you or I? We are free to differ from him on moral or artistic grounds; and if, so differing, we believe ourselves bound to expostulate with him, let us first satisfy ourselves that our scruples are not those of Pharisaism, that our impulse is something more than that of the single sheep in a flock; and having done so much, we shall surely find that the tone proper to our expostulation is that of courteous gravity, not of light-headed mirth. In a review of the recently published "Anima Poetæ" of Coleridge, Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his own field the ablest of our reviewers, has gone even further than I go here. "Thus, and thus alone," he says, "should a critic

permit himself to censure the general work of a great writer," *i.e.* by "stating, for whatever it may be worth, his own alienism from that work." And be this done, let us add, with signal deference. For though we talk of the Republic of Letters, that were a sorry republic indeed where the due meed of honour were denied to eminent talent.

NEW BOOKS.

JOHN KNOX.*

It is fully five years since Mr. Hume Brown issued his excellent life of Buchanan; and now he has followed it up with an equally excellent life of Buchanan's greater contemporary. It is fitting and fortunate that the biographer of Scotland's great Humanist should also be the biographer of Scotland's great Reformer; and it is no less fitting and fortunate that this new and outstanding life of Knox should be written by a layman. Such a work could not have fallen into better or more competent hands. If Mr. Hume Brown cannot command the picturesque pen of Froude, the unwearied research of M'Crie, or the marvellous accuracy of Joseph Robertson, he possesses a goodly share at least of their respective gifts. He is, undeniably, a painstaking, honest student, who has a full and firm grasp of his subject, and who writes in a calm, dispassionate tone, with wide knowledge and independence of judgment.

JOHN KNOX.
From "John Knox." By P. Hume Brown. (A. and C. Black.)

The pre-Reformation Church of Scotland was so hopelessly corrupt that it would be difficult to exaggerate its woful condition. With the aid of a few well-chosen facts, Mr. Hume Brown shows the urgent need there was of reformation, and the utter incapacity of the old Church to reform itself. There are indications, however, that Mr. Brown is not thoroughly at home in the history of this earlier period. Like Mr. A. H. Millar, in his "Fife, Pictorial and Historical," Mr. Brown, in referring to the Scottish Education Act of 1496, represents it as applying to the eldest sons of "all burgesses and freeholders," instead of barons and freeholders of substance. Possibly Mr. Millar and Mr. Brown have taken their information not from the Acts of Parliament but from Grant's "Burgh Schools of Scotland," and so are unconsciously helping to perpetuate one of the slips of that reputedly careful writer. Mr. Brown's summaries of the Acts of 1469 and 1540—respectively relating to notaries and heretics—are not quite accurate; and instead of citing the pithy language of the Act of 1543 concerning the spread of heresy, he is content with a rather tame quotation from the index.

By the Act of 1525, Mr. Brown says, the importation of heretical books was prohibited "under the severest penalties attached to heresy." The penalties really attached to this Act were personal imprisonment and the forfeiting of ships and goods—severe enough punishment, no doubt; but nothing to death by fire, which Mr. Brown had previously explained was the penalty of heresy in Scotland. For his earlier statement—"an Act for the burning of heretics was passed in Scotland before a similar Act was passed in England"—he gives no sufficient proof. It has yet to be shown that the Act of Henry the Fourth was anticipated on the northern side of the Tweed. It is not enough to refer, as Mr. Brown does, to the "Acts of the Parliament of Scotland, i. 640." There that dread penalty is to be found, not, however, in an Act of Parliament, but in a chapter of the dubious compilation known as "*Regiam Majestatem*"—in a chapter which closely corresponds with a statute of Alexander the Second, though in the statute there is nothing about either heresy or heretics. Somewhat similarly, Mr. Hume Brown says that "in 1398 it was enacted that the king at his coronation should be sworn to his utmost to put down all heresy." The passage in the "Acts of Parliament," to which he refers in support of this, does not bear on the prospective coronation of kings; but on the appointment of the Duke of Rothesay as the king's lieutenant. The persecuting clause in the Scotch coronation oath can be traced back to the zeal of Pope John XXII. in the closing days of Robert the Bruce. It is scarcely correct to say that Laing has brought together "all the facts known regarding Wishart." One item, at least, of some importance has been discovered since Laing's death—the fact that Wishart had taken his degree before the 20th of March, 1534-5. It may be questioned, too, if—when Knox took refuge in St. Andrew's Castle, in April, 1547—Hamilton as his bishop was in duty bound "to look after his heretical priest." Not until the Reformer had been four months in the galleys did the Pope sanction the translation of "the bastard bischope" from Dunkeld to the vacant see of St. Andrews; not until 1549, as Mr. Brown subsequently states, was he enthroned. In referring, at a later stage, to Hamilton's illness, Mr. Brown ignores Cardan's own report of the prescription, but mentions Randolph's version of the equally curious, if less carnal, cure.

On the much-debated point of Knox's birth-place, Mr. Hume Brown is inclined to favour the claims of Morham, though the proof is far from decisive. Regarding his parentage, birth, early life, and the long dark period from which he emerges as Wishart's disciple, Mr. Brown has not been able to supplement the facts to be found in the pages of M'Crie and Laing. His account of the educational influences to which Knox was subjected is freshly put and exceedingly interesting. As for the result, he holds that, in spite of his breach with the ancient Church, Knox's conception of life was essentially mediæval; that, in spite of

* "John Knox: a Biography." By P. Hume Brown; 2 vols. 24s. (London: Adam and Charles Black. 1895.)

his frequently expressed contempt for the schoolmen, he was essentially a schoolman himself in his modes of thought, in his intellectual interests; that he had, however, a genuine enthusiasm for knowledge; that behind his thinking there was a force of which the typical schoolman knew nothing; and that his scheme of public education was incompatible with the civil and religious principles on which mediævalism was based.

The time Knox spent in Geneva was by no means a holiday; yet it was by far the happiest, and not the least profitable part of his active life. Had the Reformer not been able to feel something of the warrior's joy in battle, he could hardly have proved such a successful leader; but towards the end of the campaign he looked longingly back to the peaceful days in Geneva. From Mr. Brown's account of the hardships of the galley slaves, some idea may be formed of what Knox endured while chained to the oar—an experience to which he seldom referred. Once, indeed, during the heat of the Reformation struggle in Scotland, he wrote that a single day of his present troubles pierced his heart more than all the nineteen months' torment of the galleys—which for the most part touched his body, not his soul. It was in these anxious, troubled days that he suggested to Croft how effective aid might be secretly given against the French. For thus recommending dissimulation—which in an enemy he would have condemned—which in less perilous times he would not have suggested—he is certainly not more hardly dealt with by Mr. Hume Brown than he was by M'Crie, who is sometimes described as writing under the strongest partisan bias, and as never finding fault with his hero. That the old enemies should assist the Scots against their ancient allies was not so startling as the fact that the most Christian King and the Pope should be willing to receive help from the Turk against the most Catholic King. Apart from the transparent pretext, suggested as a cover by Knox, his advice was sound, as was afterwards proved.

The First Book of Discipline is elaborately and skilfully analysed by Mr. Hume Brown, who characterises it as "the most important document in Scottish history." The scheme it embodies would not, he thinks, be inaptly described by the modern phrase "Christian socialism." He has overlooked one little point which is not devoid of interest. Burial in churches is condemned as unseemly, "in respect of diverse inconvenientis," and the suggestion made that a "secreat [*i. e.*, sequestered] and convenient place, lying in the most free air, be appointed for that use; the whiche place aught to be weill walled and fensed about, and keaped for that use onlie." This statement, taken with the injunction of the General Assembly, in 1563, that the dead should be buried "saxe foote under the eird," shows that in sanitary matters the Scottish Reformers were a long way ahead of their time.

The part which the Regent Moray played in the Reformation is by no means under-estimated by Mr. Brown, who might now write his biography. This would give him an opportunity of discussing the Scottish Reformation from its civil side at greater length. It would also supply a long felt and absolute want, for no Irving or M'Crie has here gone before. As it is, many will be pleased to see that one who has studied the period so carefully is so favourably impressed with the Regent's character. It may be noted that, on the strength of a line in a poem on his death, Mr Brown assigns his birth to the year 1531; but, in a dispensation by Clement VII., he is said to be in his fifth year in August 1534. Mr. Brown follows the common opinion in saying that "in 1548 he attended the child-queen on her voyage to France." Though several respectable authorities may be cited in support of this statement, there is good reason for believing that the future Regent did not leave Scotland at that time.

Much fun—some of it not unspiced with malevolence—has been poked at Knox on account of his second marriage. Mr. Hume Brown points out that Lord Ochiltree, the father of the bride, was "a person of little standing or consequence," though "distantly connected with the royal house"; but adds that "the freak" was accentuated through Knox being in his fifty-ninth year and his spouse "not over sixteen." Margaret Stewart, however, must have been more than sixteen when married. It was fully fourteen months before that Randolph, the only authority on the matter, had described her as "a young lasse not above xvi yeares of age." His information was probably derived from the gossip of the court, where, in the circumstances, her age would be under rather than over-stated. But allowing for this, and for the fact that women were then permitted to marry at twelve, the disparity in age was far too great. Yet it was the only objectionable feature in the match. One of Knox's bitterest enemies alleged that it was currently reported that the gentlewoman was so bewitched that she could not live without him. This seems to imply that on her part there was at least some love.

Mr. Hume Brown's note on "Knox and the Rizzio Murder" is a clear and straightforward exposition of the relevant evidence. Knox's removal from Edinbugh is satisfactorily accounted for. Three days before the assassination Bedford and Randolph sent to Cecil the names of those who were privy to it; twelve days after the murder Randolph sent a fuller list of the doers and their associates; six days later still Bedford and Randolph sent a much longer list to the English Council. Knox's name is in none of these lists. It is only found in the one first brought to light by Fraser Tytler, which is in the same hand-writing as Bedford's despatches; but which is imperfectly dated and unsigned, which embraces the name of John Craig as well as that of Knox, and which bears the palpable error that they were present at the murder. This list is the only evidence—if evidence it can be called—to implicate Knox in Rizzio's death. The mere fact that Knox's name does not occur in the two long lists of names in the "Register of the Privy Council" is enough to show that he could not be charged with the crime.

Twenty years ago Carlyle dragged the Somerville portrait into a precarious fame that was ruthlessly cut short by James Drummond; but it was left for Mr. Hume Brown to establish the authenticity of the Beza and Hondius' portraits in a way which would have rejoiced Drummond's heart. It is now absolutely certain that Knox's portrait was sent to Beza before the publication of the first edition of his "Icones"; and in Peter Young's letter, brought to light by Mr. Brown, there is an invaluable and realistic sketch of the Reformer's appearance.

In his estimate of Knox, Mr. Hume Brown regards him as a figure of European importance; as the founder of Puritanism in England; as the revealer of the heart and mind of the Scottish nation to itself; as a man—with a religion in him something "savage and bare but infinitely strong"—in deadly battle with the prevailing powers around him; as a man of practical sense as well as unflagging zeal; as a typical man of his own people—of ready wit, effective speech, not unsocial, with a yearning soul and an essential tenderness; and as, in the judgment of the mass of his fellow-countrymen, the greatest person Scotland has produced, and the man to whom, in all that makes a people great, they owe the deepest and most abiding debt.

Historical students who work with Mr. Hume Brown's book, will feel grateful to him for the ample table of contents, the serviceable index, and the never-failing reference to authorities.

D. HAY FLEMING.

JUDE THE OBSCURE.*

After you have read "Jude the Obscure," your thoughts run in two separate channels cut by Mr. Hardy's two nearly separate purposes. Your opinion of the book will largely depend on which you regard as the main one. These purposes are wound in with the history of Jude and the history of Sue. Their histories are intertwined, but they are not quite inevitable to each other; and so, to a greater extent than in most tragedies, you can regard the two chief actors separately.

A work of the intensest human interest, it is not evenly strong: it has been written too much under the stress of feeling for that. Any discontent which is not roused by merely superficial causes, which is not finnicking, and any offence which the book may contain for timid readers, must arise, I think, from the story of Sue. Personally I feel no offence, and I speak for at least some women. But I am not

* "Jude the Obscure." By Thomas Hardy. 6s. (Osgood and McIlvaine.)

sure if her championship might not have been bettered. In herself, she is one of Mr. Hardy's stimulating women. He is particularly anxious not to shirk the consequences of her temperament, of that free spirit of hers that gave so willingly when not coerced by laws and authority. But in exhibiting the results of this temperament acting on her circumstances—her shilly-shallying, her contrariness about the marriage tie—there is an amount of exaggeration, or of reiteration, that becomes nearly absurd, as did the fickleness in the hero of "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved." There is here something more than the "series of seemings, or personal impressions," spoken of in the preface. There is downright propaganda, which is always unconvincing, and even loosening to the convictions of the already converted. Sue is a woman that excites and leads. She is influential; her opinions and feelings do not need much emphasis and repetition. When they are given these, she becomes too much of a pamphlet and platform victim of the cruel marriage bond. Sue could love, and was not well fitted for marriage life. There she is not so very abnormal, and this would be the sooner admitted had Mr. Hardy not taken so much trouble to justify her running to and fro between Phillotson and Jude. But I admit this is a cold reception to a warm protest; and the fault of the novelist one may readily forgive to the man of feeling, sending his chivalry bravely out in new directions.

There is, perhaps, some propaganda again in his attitude towards the dreary child Time. One may shudder over the boy's dark way of cutting the knot of pecuniary misery. But even the gruesome vision of the three little innocent dead bodies is not so terrible as the doctor's suggestion of the boy's state of mind being "the beginning of the coming universal wish not to live." If one were to believe that the wish were to show itself first, or generally, in children, there would be good reason for immediate and comprehensive human slaughter to-day. Is there a more terrible suggestion in all modern literature? Yet it has nothing to do with a general misunderstanding of childhood. There is one picture of Sue as a child, there are several of the boy Jude that are quick with sympathy.

But the book is not made up of theories and examples of theories. The title is truly descriptive. Jude is the real subject; and Jude's story is among the most notable of Mr. Hardy's work. In his greater books—and this is one, undoubtedly—he has a way of passionately identifying himself with the aims or the sorrows of one personage, whom he loves in his blackest, his sinfullest, his pitifullest moments. That he does so, and that he does not hide such moments, make him one of the very grimmest and most sympathetic of all novelists. Tess, the Mayor, Clym Yeobright, and now Jude, are of the company. Jude's history is written as life writes a history, some features being traced from the beginning, while later, from hitherto unstirred depths, circumstance calls up the others. He is a man with the defects of his amiable virtues and his sensitive nature. There is only one woman in the world for his love and reverence, but if she be not there, his loneliness may seek less good company. In strong drink he has sometimes found a refuge from overtaxed nerves. Life finds out the weak places in his very human body and soul. He is, too, and especially, a man of the people with the native instincts of the scholar. The poetry of his aspirations, the disinterestedness of his pursuit, the undyingness of his passion, are made living to you, and some of the self-taught man's vanity and his laboriousness of expression are not suppressed. You think he must be cured for ever of his ambition that day when, having received the "terribly sensible" repulse from the head of Bibliol College, he stood at the Crossway, and "began to see that the town life was a book of humanity infinitely more palpitating, varied, and compendious than the gown life," and at that supreme moment when he, the obscure craftsman, wrote along the wall of the dull college from whence the repulse had come, "I have understanding as well as you." But the passion is in his blood. He wanders round and round the sacred places like a moth round a candle. Christminster scenes mark the stages of his struggling, aspiring life. The imaginative child, watching from the roof of the Brown House the far-off spires and domes, the night-wandering stonemason "under the walls and doorways, feeling with his fingers the contours of their mouldings," the ghosts of old scholars, comrades of his solitude, are striking pictures out of his early, hopeful time. In his sick and unfortunate days, when forced to labour at an earlier-learnt trade than his own, he, as Arabella says, "still harps on Christminster, even in his cakes," shaping these with grotesque pathos to a reminiscence of traceried windows and cloisters. There, too, he dies, lonely and obscure, to the hum of a college chapel organ, and the shouts of Commemoration games. A poor workman to the end, a boyish imprudence for which he never shirked the payment, dogged him persistently; and the woman who had been his light and leader left him in the darkness, to fulfil, for superstition's sake, a loathed duty. Jude the law-abiding, the conservative, the kindly, uninfluenced by free thought till late in his day, is a rebel at last—perhaps from the day when this scene is gone through.

"When the house was silent, and they could do nothing but await the coroner's inquest, a subdued, large, low voice spread into the air of the room from behind the heavy walls at the back.

"'What is it?' said Sue, her spasmodic breathing suspended.

"'The organ of the college chapel. The organist practising, I suppose. It is the anthem from the seventy-third Psalm: "Truly God is loving unto Israel."'

"She sobbed again. 'O my babies! They had done no harm! Why should they have been taken away, and not I!'

"There was another stillness—broken at last by two persons in conversation somewhere without.

"'They are talking about us, no doubt!' moaned Sue. '"We are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men!"'

"Jude listened. 'No—they are not talking of us,' he said. 'They are two clergymen of different views, arguing about the eastward position.'"

But the heart's bitterness came later, when Sue, in the name of religion, left him. I should like to cry out that it was against her nature to do so; but the reaction, when life had frightened her, is, I fear, not untrue to facts.

Mr. Hardy does not wear rose-coloured glasses, and he does not seek to hide that a man of the people like Jude, scholar and gentleman though he is, has rough ways of going to the devil, even if he doesn't stop long in that company. But, on the other hand, his career may wholesomely astonish some middle-class readers, inasmuch as it goes to prove that aspiring and sensitive souls do not need generations of literary education and genteel incomes to breed them; and that poverty and the stress of life reveal to such sensitive souls a world that the comfortably-placed and the unimaginative only deny because they have been saved and denied the chance of entrance.

Sue's story is a reality, with some unhappy exaggeration about it; but all that concerns Jude, in his strength and weakness, is masterly and written out of a deep heart. The constant lover—constant for all the Arabella incidents—makes, perhaps, widest appeal for sympathy. But it is another Jude on which Mr. Hardy has shed the full light of his imagination; and the wandering, rejected scholar flits a pathetic ghost through college gate-ways and by college walls for evermore.

A. M.

ECLOGUES IN LONDON.*

An objection might be taken very readily to the form in which Mr. Davidson has chosen to throw his verse, yet it is easy to understand how he determined it. The first quality noticeable in his work is a passionate hunger for nature, which would direct him almost instinctively, or at least by no difficult and circuitous paths, to the style which Virgil has made immortal. Virgil's shepherds discussed their pastoral subjects upon their pipes under the shade of beech-trees; Mr. Davidson's Cockney singers chant their praises of nature through the smoke and wires of Fleet Street. But indeed it may well be that they suffer nothing from this incongruous environment. The contrast would seem rather to wing their enthusiasm to more reckless flights. It is even with fanatical eyes that Mr. Davidson regards the country. He derives a great part of his in-

* "A Second Series of Fleet Street Eclogues." By John Davidson. (Lane.)

spiration from it. When Mr. Watson sings, though you will have occasion to admire his beautiful manner, you will also find a difficulty in believing him quite sincere. There is no question of Mr. Davidson's sincerity. His impressions are at first hand, his observation is original. Almost anywhere in this new volume you may happen upon a passage illustrative of these qualities in him, as for instance in this remarkable picture of Edinburgh :

"The chill and brindled fog
That plumed the Bass and belted Berwick Law,
That hung with ghostly tapestry the stones
Of bleak Tantallon, from the windy Forth,
Noiseless and dim, speeds by the pier of Leith,
And by Leith Walk, its dreary channel old,
To flood the famous city, Edinburgh.
Then, like the spectre of an inland sea
By wanton sorcerers troubled and destroyed,
It foams with whitening surges through the vale,
The fair green hollow over Salisbury crags,
And rises clasping every gentle slope,
Uneven scar, and fairy-girdled knoll,
Till with the hungry passion of the dead
It hugs the high earth, frantic to supply
Its own lean misty ribs, and live again
Terrestrial, with the mountain for a soul."

Dozens of examples might be picked from these pages, exemplifying the same striking power. Here, for instance, is another picture, achieved by a remarkable magic of words :

"Sunrise and sunset like a glowing vice
Bloodstained that grips the world; the restless moon
Swung low to light us; clouds; the limpid sky;
The bourdon of the great ground-bee, athwart
A lonely hill-side, vibrant on the air,
And subtler than the scent of violets;
Sonorous winds, storm, thunder, and the sea."

Mr. Davidson's work is not elaborated with that chaste and disciplined decorum which characterises Mr. Watson, but on the other hand it owns a strength and a virility which Mr. Watson lacks. This note of virile confidence dominates his poetry, even where it culminates in harshness. Nay, the very harshness is naturally effluent from that stubborn strength. But it must not be imagined that such a grip, almost ruthless, presupposes a want of delicacy.

The intensity of feeling, however, follows Mr. Davidson into all his moods, for he is not always singing pæans of Nature. The best poem, beyond question, in this volume, is that entitled "Lammas," in which Ninian is the chief speaker. We have already extracted from this the description of Edinburgh. But besides being full of such passages, "Lammas" contains something more. It is a curiously strenuous piece of philosophy. Ninian supposes his boy to reproach him with the inferior constitution he has inherited. What answer shall he make ?

"My son, your ancestors supplanted you;
You are my child; hence are your teeth on edge.
Our blood is stale; the tree from which we spring
Fades at the top. . . .
. . . The sounds and sights that visit you
Attend me too, foretellers of our doom.
The ultimate iniquity is mine;
But from a root in distant ages sunk
The loathsome filaments entangle you.
And I impeach the smooth conniving world,
The bland accomplice that has made and makes
A merit of defeat, a cult of woe,
Sowing exhausted land with seed that's foul,
To harvest tares of madness, impotence,
Uncomeliness in wasteful granaries."

The same spirit, too, is evident in the pessimistic Menzies, who will not join in celebrating the triumphs of England.

"I cannot see the stars and flowers,
Nor hear the lark's soprano ring,
Because a ruddy darkness lowers
For ever, and the tempests sing."

These vehement strains mark Mr. Davidson as an individual poet. He derives from no one but himself. His thoughts are his own, and his manner of expressing them owes nothing to his contemporaries and his forerunners. The "Ballad of the Nun" it was that first brought him into public notice, but, good as that was, here is better work still. And yet it is odd to reflect that what is true of Mr. Watson is true also of Mr. Davidson, and that both seem wanting in that pure lyrical faculty of which Tennyson was so great an exemplar. There are signs, indeed, that Mr. Davidson could if he would, but so far his impatience has burst the confines of the lyric and flowed out in such work as this, for which, being what it is, we should be grateful.

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

ST. PAUL THE TRAVELLER AND THE ROMAN CITIZEN.*

Professor Ramsay's volume on St. Paul has grown out of lectures delivered at Auburn Theological Seminary, Johns Hopkins University, Harvard, and Mansfield College, Oxford. As the title indicates, they chiefly concern themselves with the outward conditions and movements of the Apostle's life, not with his theology. In other words, they are based upon the "Book of Acts" rather than on the Epistles of St. Paul. In his researches in Asia Minor, Professor Ramsay found himself frequently consulting the book of "Acts," as one of the authorities for its topography, antiquities, and society. At first, as he owns, he was prejudiced against it as an authentic witness of first-century history; but gradually this prejudice was removed, and in its place there grew up entire confidence in it as a guide and ally in obscure investigations. And the present volume is not so much a history of Paul for its own sake as a prolonged exhibition of the trustworthiness of Luke's narrative. It is an attempt to show that, instead of being the mere second-century compiler, groping and stumbling among unknown places, misunderstood circumstances, and anachronistic customs, or a mere dull editor with scissors and paste, collecting random scraps of sensational legends and glueing them together without intelligence, Luke is a historian of the first rank, trustworthy, and possessing a first hand knowledge of the greater part of what he records, guided by an unfailing sense of proportion, which tells him what to omit and what to relate, and able to present his material in a clear and simple narrative. Certainly no one has a better right to pronounce an authoritative judgment on the historicity of the "Acts" than Professor Ramsay. He has studied the history of the first century as very few have done, so that, as any of his readers could detect anachronisms in a nineteenth-century book, he is familiar with what is congruous and what incongruous with the first century; but, especially, he has carried this book open in his hand through the localities in which its scenes are laid. He possesses the knowledge of an expert, which justifies him both when he condemns the "error and bad judgment" which preponderate in what at present passes for historical criticism and when he assigns to the book of "Acts" a highest place among historical works.

The importance of such a judgment, even limited and conditioned as it is, can scarcely be overestimated. The fresh light which Professor Ramsay throws on certain passages in the career of St. Paul is also considerable; and still more considerable is the sense of reality which he imparts to the whole narrative. He very truly remarks that Luke "expects a great deal from the reader . . . there are many cases in which to catch his meaning properly, you must imagine yourself standing, with Paul, on the deck of the ship or before the Roman official; and unless you reproduce the scene in imagination you miss the sense." The great and lasting merit of Professor Ramsay's book is that it enables even the unimaginative reader thus to see what is narrated. He will not always see what Professor Ramsay sees, still less will he always infer what Professor Ramsay infers; but he will feel that the ground he treads is solid, and the persons he hears of are real and living. The book of "Acts" becomes a new book, and excites a new interest. Almost every suggestion made by Professor Ramsay will be contested by scholars; but no one will deny that he vivifies the narrative and proves its trustworthiness, and that St. Paul becomes more than ever a real figure and one of the greatest of men.

MARCUS DODS.

* "St Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen." By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Humanity, Aberdeen, etc., etc. (Hodder and Stoughton)

MISS BARLOW'S NEW IDYLLS.*

Full-grown readers of fiction—and by these I mean such as read by the light of life's experience—sometimes nourish an almost deadly resentment against the many kindly writers who shut their eyes to hard facts, to the unpleasant consequences which would in life naturally follow the contact of the characters and circumstances they present, and who prefer to send their audience to rest to the sleepy tune of "All's Well," rather than give them a tonic view of the realities of the world. The resentment may be ill-judged and ungrateful, but it is genuine. Yet, I will dare to say, it has never been seriously felt towards one writer to-day who yet is pre-eminently of the amiable order, who never paints life's blackest spots, and whose belief in human goodness and beauty blossoming in the most unlikely places is inextinguishable. A current of sadness, it is true, runs beneath Miss Barlow's every story, the drollest, the lightsomest in theme. But, as brightness goes in this world, they are bright, and even optimistic. Real ugliness, treachery, foulness, despair in its wilder forms, are far away, and send hardly a rumour into Lisconnel. Yet real life remains, presented by a faithful witness, who has seen deeply, too, if she has not seen all. The name of optimist may be repudiated for her, whose stories are all gathered on the extremest verge of misery. But in effect she is one. And she is the only one to-day who gives you the feeling of no pedagogic suppression of truth "for your good," or no shallow ignorance of it.

Three things are responsible for this—Miss Barlow's instinctive attitude towards humanity; her purpose, unconsciously guided by her special ability; and her theme. The originals of the peasants of her stories have, in their milder moods, just that gentle courtesy towards life, that humorous understanding of the ways of fortune, that absence of material covetousness, that instinct for immaterial possessions that would always prevent a mere lack of comfort from appearing tragic to them, as it does to folks otherwise constituted—just those traits, in fact, to which her sympathy and interest go out by nature. These features she can treat, for her genius has made a long compact with her own kindliness and her most genuine humour. But she suppresses and distorts nothing. What there is worse to tell, of suffering, sin, and tragedy, she does not deny. A wilder Ireland sometimes whispers darkly in your ear when she stands you on a dreary bog-land to watch with her. It is not hers to tell of—that is all. She is one voice singing true in a chorus. She does not commit the folly of dipping ugly things in rose-water. She does not emasculate life.

"Strangers at Lisconnel" goes mostly to the tune of her former idylls. For the visitors in question were nothing so incongruous as tourists; they were no rank outsiders, but tinkers, whose home was there as much as anywhere else, and Mr. Polymathers, the simple scholar, and Christie Dermody, aged eighty and more, passing through in a huff and in a snowstorm, to seek his fortune somewhere in the wide world where they'd not affront him by offering him "boys' wages," and old, blind Mrs. Morrough on her way to the Union, resolved to take no charity in her decent maiden or married names, but under the fantastic one of Mrs. Skeffington Yelverton. Distinguished by fine shades only from the Lisconnel folk themselves, they yet serve to flutter these into self-revelations, and new stories are the result. We call these folks simple, but without warrant, unless when thinking of their household arrangements or material aspirations. They cannot pursue the scent of their interests so relentlessly as practical folks, who have advanced further in the arts of civilisation just because they are less complicated. Their sense of humour, or their prejudices, will be fighting against their interests on a hundred interesting occasions. As when, for instance, Mrs. Kilfoyle had her good cloak stolen off her by the tinker, and saw Ody, whom she had planned for its rescue, come over the ridge with the "pólis"—the "pólis," too, on the track of the identical thief for another of his crimes. A providence, a simpler, more civilised victim would have said. Not at all. "The men in invisible green tunics belonged completely to the category of pitaty-blights, rint-warnin's, fevers, and the like devastators of life, that dog a man more or less all through it, but close in on him, a pitiful quarry, when the bad seasons come, and the childer and the old crathurs are starvin' wid the hunger, and his own heart is broke; therefore to accept assistance from them in their official capacity would have been a proceeding most reprehensibly unnatural. To put a private quarrel or injury into the hands of the peelers were a disloyal making of terms with the public foe; a condoning of great permanent wrongs for the sake of a trivial temporary convenience." The "pólis" were put off the scent. An honest woman swallowed her disappointment and loss, and a tramp was all the warmer.

No, they are not simple, save in some few matters which can only be fully realised in the bigger world. "Learning and the learned have at all times been held in profound respect among us away on our bog-land, where the devotion to something afar springs perhaps the more abundantly because so many things are remote," says Miss Barlow. Mr. Polymathers was, therefore, reverenced duly, and the aspirations of the boy Nicholas were not ridiculed. But over Nicholass' chances their peculiarly complicated pride and morality met their simplicity regarding the life outside them, and the ways and means of education in particular; and the meeting produced a scene of painful intensity, the most powerful, I think, in all the book. Read in "Honoris Causa" of the legacy left by the poor scholar—£25 7s. 3d. it was—to the promising boy, and how the father, lest his honour might suffer by taking the dead man at his word—instead of spending the sum on masses or a head-stone, about which the deceased was profoundly indifferent—put the case to his neighbours. "It might have a quare, bad appearance, rael mane; and long sorry I'd be for that. What 'ud you say, now?" Nicholas sat in torture during the maddeningly calm discussion as to whether his dead friend's clear wishes, that would send him to heaven, or the study of mathematics, should be carried out; or whether the idea that, had his benefactor lived, he might possibly have changed his mind, should influence the legatee; or whether it was not too "mane" for the family, that had kept Mr. Polymathers weeks and weeks for nothing, to profit in the person of a member whose youth and talents might thus win what the old scholar had never attained. "Honoris Causa" is a masterly presentation of different minds and different motives playing a game together, the strongest feelings and strongest motives checked and held mute by the complicated honour that makes even an honest move in self-interest seem not sensible but possibly base.

A. M.

* "Strangers at Lisconnel." A Second Series of Irish Idylls. By Jane Barlow. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

LITERARY ANECDOTES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

The writer of the Literary History of the Nineteenth Century will have a great deal of the most troublesome part of his work done for him by the editors of the work that begins so satisfactorily in this volume. What cannot be found in well-stocked libraries, what can only be found after much searching in the greatest libraries, and only by a man who has the *flair* for the business, will be gathered here. But it is not the worthless, better-buried stuff of the great writers that is being collected. Of these, Blake, Shelley, Landor, Hawthorne, Browning, and Mrs. Browning are dealt with in Vol. I. The Blake contribution, documents printed from contemporary MS. concerning the poet's trial for sedition, gives a kind of coherence to the remarkable circumstances for the first time. There are ten letters from Shelley to Leigh Hunt that show the poet on his delightfully human side, mostly grave in humour, but with a keen sense of friendship's duties in his most depressed moods. "What motives have I to write? I *had* motives, and I thank the God of my own heart they were totally different from those of the other apes of humanity who make mouths in the glass of time. But what are *those* motives now? The only inspiration of an ordinary kind I could descend to acknowledge would be the earning of £100 for you; and that it seems I cannot." Landor's letters to Lady Blessington, interspersed abundantly with prose and

* "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century." Contributions towards a Literary History of the Period. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., and Thomas J. Wise. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

verse for use in her Keepsakes, are very characteristic of his impulsive generosity—"I will send you, or bring you, fifty things for the Book of Beauty—I will never write anything that is not yours"; and of his contempt of popularity—"I received more pleasure from my Lucullus, my Epicurus, and my Diogenes, than I could receive from not only extensive popularity but from eternal fame. They satisfied my heart, which is larger than the World's, and nearer home." And Mr. Wise's Bibliography of Browning is done with the thoroughness which characterises all his work.

Coming to the minor writers, we find a charming tribute to the young Tennysons by Arthur Hallam, a remarkable Dramatic Scene omitted from Charles Wells's "Joseph and his Brethren," a life of the too little-known poet and dramatist, Thomas Wade, with poems enough in number and quality to justify the interest the editors have taken in him, and a biography of that romantic, adventurous character, Richard Horne, with his "Ballad of Delora," which Browning was not alone in fervently admiring. There are other gleanings, too, hardly less interesting, in remote but fertile corners of nineteenth century literature. Mr. Buxton Forman's help here and elsewhere is gratefully acknowledged by the editors.

For the Blake portrait the original plate, etched by Bell Scott from Phillips' oil sketch from the life, has been used. Numerous fac-similes and reproductions of title-pages give an additional interest to the volume, which, one should also mention, is very handsomely and tastefully produced.

A LONDON GARLAND.*

This is the book of books for Londoners this season. It will stir such as have the good fortune to acquire it as no oratorical appeals to their civic pride could do. For that poets long ago, and on till now, loved it and sang of it, and that a band of artists to-day have pictured it in endless aspects, must appeal strongly to their imagination. One often hears that the lovers of London have been few and those not ardent, that the great place has not the capacity for inspiring human affection, as Paris has, for instance. Perhaps this "Garland" will effectively contradict that.

Mr. Henley says of his Anthology, that it is "a choice for illustration." We have no quarrel with that, and no particular desire for completeness. It is a good choice, any way considered. He thinks it will be found "to exemple many differences in method and the point of view which have ruled and passed in English poetry in the long years dividing the London of Chaucer's Prentice and Dunbar's panegyric and the London of "Piccadilly" and "In the Rain." That will interest a student of literature. What will interest others more is the sense of the growing age of the place that comes over you as you read on from songs that sing

> "the sands in Chelsey Fields
> Or the drops in silver Thames"

to Mr. Henley's own description of King Fog; the sense, too, of growing complexity, grim endeavour, and yet no exhaustion. Its present vigour, indeed, seems symbolised in the surprising life in the work of the galaxy of artists. Almost every notable illustrator of the day has contributed a picture, and no care has been spared in the reproduction. It is a sumptuously produced book. And what is not the same, but a much better thing,—it is a beautiful and interesting one.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.†

The little children of Mr. Robinson's imagination are the drollest, the most innocent of things. Has he illustrated Stevenson? There may be two opinions about that. But he has depicted childhood in all its remoteness from the grown-up land, in its heroic and fantastic imaginings, in its long thoughts and its short sight. And Stevenson did that in his own inimitable and individual way. Poet and artist meet and part in interesting fashion. And it is not merely as a book of graceful pictures that this one which Mr. Robinson has done so much to make beautiful will be treasured. It is Stevenson's exquisite "Child's Garden" with still more childhood put into it.

"Up the mountain sides of dreams."

From "A Child's Garden of Verses," (Lane.)

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE.*

Mr. Meredith's latest story does not lose, gains rather, if read in bits. This is not all dispraise, for it means the book is good all through, that each portion will somehow reward you. Except for one man's character, and even that is so complex and contradictory that its understanding can best be reached by stages, with pauses between, there is nothing that needs to be viewed as a whole. The first chapters are magnificent, and we are not alone, possibly, in feeling disappointment that the marriage of the Old Buccaneer and Countess Fanny was not the amazing one chosen for the serious story. There you have a quick, dashing romance. After it you settle down to one that needs much explanation. The plan, however, is excellent. You hear the curious tale now from Fleetwood's side, now from his wife's, now as amusingly travestied by Dame Gossip. Then, in no other story has Mr. Meredith let loose more of his lyrical faculty. His spirits, too, are high; his humour, save where his heroine is concerned, alert. His sketches of the parasites that flocked round Fleetwood are inimitable. And his narrative powers are here and there at their liveliest. But these powers do not wait on our sentimentalities, for unquestionably the strongest portion of the book is that ghastly marriage scene, the furious drive of the wrathful bridegroom and his abject bride, and his fiendish entertainment of her at a prize-fight.

* "A London Garland." Selected from Five Centuries of English Verse. By W. E. Henley. With Pictures by Members of the Society of Illustrators.

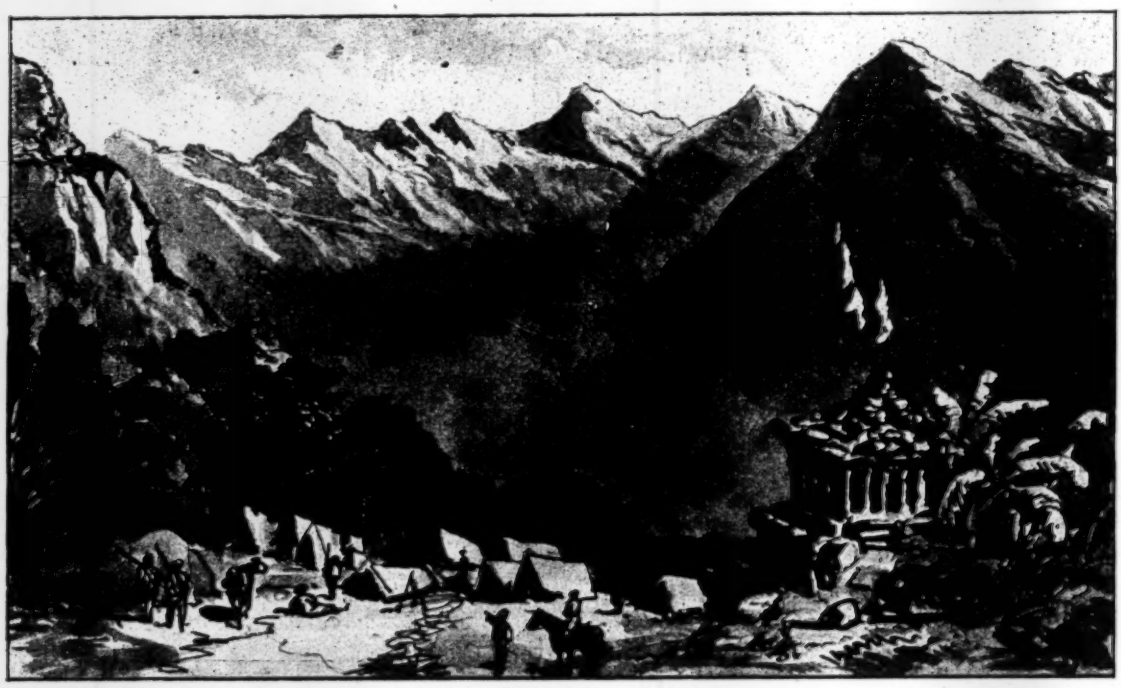
† "A Child's Garden of Verses." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 5s. (John Lane.)

* "The Amazing Marriage." By George Meredith. 2 vols 12s. (A. Constable and Co.)

Fleetwood draws away our best attention from the other characters. The curious mixture of brains and brutality, of superfine instincts and caddishness, of black moods and conventional elegance, in the young spoiled millionaire nobleman, is treated by a master hand. He is only not so perfectly successful as the Egoist, because he is infinitely more complex and difficult for us to take in. Readers, it should ever be remembered, make one of the conditions of a writer's success. With the wandering scholar of Nature who fascinates us in the beginning, he is in imperfect sympathy. Woodseer settles down to domesticity prematurely; there were further developments in his history, for certain. Perhaps we seldom accept Mr. Meredith's characters as inevitably what he makes them. Harry Richmond's father and Sir Willoughby, of course, are exceptions. Is this a lack in them, or a proof of strong human interest, prompting us to interfere with their opinions and careers as we like to do with those of our flesh and blood neighbours? Something of both. For instance, when our sympathies are being tossed to and fro between Fleetwood and his wife, we do not say, at one black point, Yes, here he was a brute; Mr. Meredith was creating a brute. On the contrary, we grow indignant, and say it is against nature, which means against our desires. So with Carinthia—which brings us to an interesting point.

Mr. Meredith has perhaps his warmest admirers among women. Some of them hold him to be their best interpreter. Well, he cherishes a wealth of kindly feeling towards them, and he has a rare sense of justice, and of chivalry. But his observations of them are not very wide. Only one or two types does he deeply understand. And then there is that crying offence of his—his forgiveness of Diana's meanness. He may go on multiplying his types of men. Long ago he came to the end of his women. We like his Amazons as a rule. They are excellent comrades. And at the verbal description of this one, Carinthia, we kindle. "Living faces, if they're to show the soul, which is the star on the peak of beauty, must lend themselves to commotion. Nature does it in a breezy tree or over ruffled waters. Repose has never such splendid reach as animation—I mean in the living face. Artists prefer repose. Only nature can express the uttermost beauty with her gathering and tuning of discords. Well, your mistress has that beauty." Again, from Woodseer's notebook, "From minute to minute she is the rock that loses the sun at night and reddens in the morning." But the Carinthia that plays an active part is a bore. In Fleetwood's most brutal moments we have a sneaking sympathy for him; she had the worst fault to a quick spirit like his—obtuseness. Life had to bore holes with a pickaxe to let understanding into her. She goes about, in the beginning at least, with muffled hands and veiled eyes, and cannot see how her weary quotations of her father, and her clawing, abject manners, rile the man she has bestowed her affection on. The spirit of humour does not breathe in her or on her. But she might be excellent, we own, as Mademoiselle de Levellier, fighting in Spain with the Carlists.

The book makes one bristle here and there, but it is the best work Mr. Meredith has given us since "Diana of the Crossways," and if without the charm of that it is also without its alienating feature. And it reveals Mr. Meredith's sympathies more openly than almost anything else in his prose. He is the Welshman here, and Wales may be proud to claim "The Amazing Marriage." Great nonsense is often talked in connection with the Celtic Renascence. But Mr. Meredith has much of interest to say concerning race characteristics, and one truth, which is almost a discovery, finely uttered—



From "Recollections of a Military Life." (Smith and Elder.)

"Now, to the Cymry and to the pure Kelt, the past is at their elbows, continually. The past of their lives has lost neither face nor voice behind the shroud; nor are the passions of the flesh, nor is the animate soul, wanting to it. Other races forfeit infancy, forfeit youth and manhood with their progression to the wisdom age may bestow. These have each stage always alive, quick at a word, a scent, a sound, to conjure up scenes in spirit and in flame. Historically, they still march with Cadwallader, with Llewellyn, with Glendower; sing with Aneurin, Talliesin, old Llywarch; individually, they are in the heart of the injury done them thirty years back, or thrilling to the glorious deed which strikes an empty buckler for most of the sons of Time. An old sea rises in them, rolling no phantom billows to break to spray against existing rocks of the shore."

LEGENDS FROM RIVER AND MOUNTAIN.*

These stories include two separate collections. The first, taken from the German of Carmen Sylva—the originals are in her "Pelesch Märchen" and "Durch die Jahrhunderte"—are Roumanian tales, and the English readers to whom they will not be new must be very few indeed. To grown-up

* "Legends from River and Mountain." By Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell. With Illustrations by T. H. Robinson. (G. Allen.)

From "Legends from River and Mountain." (G. Allen.)

folks this section is the more fascinating. Some of the unfamiliar and subtle fancies in such stories as "The Jipi," "Riul Doamnei" (The River of the Princess), and "Virful cu Dor" (The Peak of Yearning) may be less to the taste of younger readers than the directer, perhaps more vigorous, German tales that fill the rest of the volume. "The Flying Castle," "Walpurgis Night," and "The Water Snake," legends from the Hartz, and "The Sunday Child" and "The Cold Heart," from the Black Forest, are just of the kind to take hold of a child's affections. Thus the book appeals to various ages; and if chosen as a holiday-book to read aloud to imaginative children, we promise that the elderly reader will have as good a time as the young audience. A few of the German tales are not new to us, but Alma Strettell has clothed them afresh, more amply, and very prettily. Mr. Robinson is an admirable fairy-tale artist.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MILITARY LIFE.*

Member of a family distinguished for military service, with a long and active career behind him in the field and in military commissions, once Director of Artillery at Woolwich, and subsequently Governor of the Military Academy and Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, Sir John Adye has recollections of many different kinds. His descriptions of the Crimean War, of the Mutiny, of campaigns in Afghanistan and in Bootan are simple, modest soldier's tales, with no very fine writing about them, but with ample military detail to make them valuable. He has a short, direct way of telling his experiences which is capital for the purpose, and from more long-winded accounts of the Mutiny, for instance, it is possible to carry away a less living impression. Perhaps, however, the portions of most general interest are those where he gives a summary of military changes and reforms in recent years, and summarises his opinions on disputed points. The chapter on "Short Service and Reserve" is a strong testimony to the success and popularity of the present arrangement. He reminds us that there have been two proofs of the reliability of our reserve-force —"the men comprising it having been called out, first in 1878 under apprehension of war, and again partially in 1882 during the Egyptian campaign; and in both cases the percentage of absentees was very small." Sir John's is in most ways a cheerful report. "In 1868 the proportion of court-martials per thousand was 144, whereas in 1892 it was only fifty-four." "In 1874 the net loss from desertion per thousand was twenty. In 1893 it was twelve." He has a good deal to say also respecting the advantage of the long-disputed localisation, agreeing with Lord Wantage's Committee as to the value of the territorical connection and the double battalion system, "the most economical and best machinery for furnishing foreign drafts and reliefs." Some alarmists may be soothed to read General Adye's statement about armaments and reserves. "Having served at the War Office for years, under three Ministers of War, statesmen of divergent political views, I have found them all of one mind as to the necessary provision year by year of sufficient funds for the purpose. . . ." Among his personal recollections there occurs one characteristic story of General Gordon. In 1872, he and Sir John Adye were associated in reporting on the condition of the British cemeteries in the Crimea. Gordon at the time was a member of the International Commission for improving the navigation at the mouth of the Danube. "Gordon's views about the work of the Danube Commission were," says Adye, "as usual, rather peculiar. He explained to me that, as the river had been adequately dredged and buoyed, and as the lighthouse at its mouth was completed, there was really nothing more to do; and that the Commission was practically useless. As I understood, he had written to the Foreign Office to that effect, adding also that his salary was too large."

General Adye has wasted no words in his book; but it is too full of reality to be dry. And though it may be meant for the military readers to whom it is dedicated, it is excellent for giving civilians some insight into the workings of the army they grumble at and support.

* "Recollections of a Military Life." By General Sir John Adye. (Smith, Elder.)

NOVEL NOTES.

GATHERING CLOUDS. A Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom. By F. W. Farrar. 2 vols. (Longmans, Green.)

The writer's earlier novel, "Darkness and Dawn," had a brighter theme. It represented the early struggle of the Church with paganism, and the victory of Christianity, which had only its purity and integrity to fight for it against the strongest worldly weapons. The present story tells of the re-invasion and the partial triumph of the world. At the end some of the evil is seen to be abating, the martyrs are honoured, and the prosperity that overtakes the worthy hero Philip are significant of the worst terrors being over. But on the road to this peace readers have to walk through scenes of terrible corruption and cruelty—the vague rumours of history being bared of the vagueness which has hid much of the ugly truth about the persecutions. As a work of history it has greater merit than as fiction. Evidence has been weighed and sifted, and characters judged calmly, with due consideration of the circumstances of the time. The painful nature of much of the story may deter a good many from its perusal, though it should be said horrors have not been piled up sensationally, but only described with such literalness as shall not allow them to escape the notice of unimaginative readers. And its length is against it. Students of Church history can alone appreciate the conscientious care and labour that have gone to make this life-like picture of the Eastern Empire, but though frivolous readers will not read "Gathering Clouds" at all, one need not be seriously instructed to recognise the interest and the beauty of the career of Chrysostom and his friends as Dean Farrar has drawn them.

THE RED COCKADE. By Stanley Weyman. (Longmans).

Mr. Stanley Weyman's stories are greedily and unthinkingly devoured. Any reader who stops to think must respect them. There is an evenness about the workmanship which can only be the result of great care. And though the average English sentiment on historical matters is generally reflected—which adds, of course, to their chance of popularity—the characters are never the puppets that the conventional adventure-story is content with. Mr. Weyman does not write of another age than his own to shelter his ignorance of human nature among the imposing circumstances of famous events. There is a group of characters

here that not only look well when seen in motion in a crowd, but are real and living no matter how closely you examine them. The most noteworthy is the Royalist Froment of Nimes, but the aristocrats, Madame de St. Alais and her spirited son, with their wonderful confidence in the invincibility of the noblesse, and their "We are France," are hardly less vigorously presented. The hero is no great hero, though he is brave enough. Circumstances are unkind; and at different times, and always for good reasons, he dons the white, the tricolour, and the red cockades. But that he is driven to dealing with so many factions makes him perhaps all the better as the central personage of the story.

HERBERT VANLENNERT. By G. F. Keary. 6s. (Heinemann.)

For Mr. Keary's talents we have warm admiration. We shall continue to believe for long that he has the power to write fiction of an uncommonly good kind. In "The Two Lancrofts" there was thought and there was observation which could only come out of a man who had looked closely at things, judged for himself, and had a large experience of human character. It contained, too, suggestions of keen interest to all who watch the artistic temperament other than superficially. This present book can be recommended as a readable story. Those who have not built high hopes on its author will be astonished to hear it hardly criticised. And it does not lack careful and elaborate work. But it is an entire disappointment, for in spite of bright spots here and there, it is what "The Two Lancrofts" emphatically was not, a commonplace novel. There is a hitch in the hero somewhere. He is meant to be a man of marked character and ability, an impressive, imposing person. We can only think of him as a well-dressed club man, who took a trip to India. He is slow, conventional, idealess, and with the capabilities of injustice which such a nature possesses. There are good sketches of character in the book. There is not one character. The sensational episode is ugly, and we think false. What has gone wrong? We have an idea that it is the society which the book is filled with that is partly to blame. Unless dealt with by genius, there is no class so hopelessly dull in fiction as the respectable, fairly well-conducted, moneyed and landed minor aristocracy of England. The painters and the literary folks introduced here are infected by the general dulness, by the inarticulateness of the slow-brained set in which Herbert Vanlennert moved and had his undistinguished being. But we do not for a moment think Mr. Keary's power has gone because this book might have been written by a much less able man.

THE HORSEMAN'S WORD. By Neil Roy. 6s. (Macmillan.)

A very original, romantic, and most ill-told story. The material is new, the background has been little used before, and the central personage is, take him altogether, strikingly presented. But it is unendurably long; many of the scenes intended to illustrate character and custom in the north of Scotland are wearisome, and here and there, where reflection is indulged in, there is a descent to the utterly commonplace. This from a writer who has an unusual amount of imagination, who shows real power in dealing with human character, and has a gift of picturesque description. Whatever be its faults, it has striking and interesting features. Readers of Borrow will remember his tale of the smith who roused his horse to frenzy, and soothed it out of madness by the utterance of some mysterious words. That is hint enough of the subject of this story, where horses appear under a stranger, wilder aspect than we are now wont to regard them. Mr. Roy has made good use, we can see, of some impressive legends of the strip of country where his story is laid, not very far from the Moray Firth; but for the working out of the character of Kelpy, his sullen and pathetic hero, he has had to depend on his own powers. And the imagination of few would have been equal to the strange and difficult task.

SLEEPING FIRES. By George Gissing. Autonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

A slighter story than Mr. Gissing generally gives us, it is still characteristic, and at the same time more agreeable, many will think, than his are wont to be. The agreeableness lies chiefly in the fact that instead of a sordid London or Black Country background, we have Athens and a beautiful English country landscape. Secondly, it lies in the final turn of the story, where the hero, who has been wronged by a woman whom he still loves, will not have her repent by austere and self-abnegating methods, but by joining her life to his and getting all the possible good out of it. "Yes, let the past be past. To you and me, the day that is still granted us." But was Agnes free enough in spirit, flexible enough in intelligence, to play the part demanded of her?

AN ADVENTURER OF THE NORTH. By Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Methuen.)

Pretty Pierre is dead. Things went against him; his spirits fell, and he and a woman good enough to appreciate him rode madly into a prairie fire. Our regrets follow after, for the most fascinating hero, half mounteback, half demi-god, that romance has introduced us to for many a day. These "last existing records" of his career are as delightful reading as the former stories about him, graceful, poetical, and with enough of love and prowess to endow them with a strong human interest. We are annoyed with Mr. Parker once—in the story of "The Red Patrol." Pierre was right when, in face of the conventional missionary, he reflected—"The young, impetuous, half-baked college man. To set his little knowlege against his own studious vagabondage. At that instant he determined to play a game and win: to turn this man into a vagabond also; to see John the Baptist become a Bedouin." He plays his game, which reads like a joke, and, surely, was serious only because the missionary was made of such poor stuff; and the Scarlet Hunter curses Pierre with perpetual seeking "in the desert, and the storm, and the lonely hills." A bigger missionary, with a sense of humour, might have had many worse tutors than Pierre; who, you see, rouses advocacy as if he were a real man, and not a quite impossible creature of fantasy.

AN EVIL MOTHERHOOD. By Walt Ruding. 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

There are very clever points about these few fragments, which their author, whose untimely death is announced, calls "An Impressionist Novel." The "novel" does little more than hint at the life of an unfortunate young man, who has been badly brought up, and who at the threshold of manhood finds his mother his worst enemy. By his mother's agency he is confined in a lunatic asylum, from which he escapes, to be dogged by spies in London. Whether he is mad or not, it is hardly safe to say. The story, told by a cold lawyer and a warm friend, leaves you with a little doubt. The young man knew so well that all was not right with him, that of his own accord he left the old life behind him, the evil neighbourhood of his mother, the unwholesome mental and moral atmosphere in which without doubt he had lived, and enlisted. We should be more hopeful of military discipline giving him what his youth had lacked, if we had not turned back to look at Mr. Beardsley's picture of him. There is no health possible for the creature it depicts.

THE CID CAMPEADOR. By D. A. de Trueba y la Quintana. Translated by H. J. Gill. (Longmans.)

A good, substantial work of fiction, that should last a patient reader for weeks. Quintana enters upon his task in the most deliberate way, and though some of the incidents of Don Rodrigo's life are told in a spirited fashion, the bright spots are, after all, only spots in a grey mass. There is, of course, an excellent story to be read in it; but most of those who know it would advise those who don't to read it in the Chronicles and the Ballads. Mr. Gill has done all he could to make the novel attractive to English people, but its old-fashioned, ponderous style is against it with the flighty readers of to-day.

THE FLOWER OF GALA WATER, and other Stories. By A. E. Barr. (Low.)

Merely as stories, that is, regarding the events and the treatment of the characters only, these are good, wholesome reading. The first one, for instance, which tells of the defeat of a domestic tyrant, easily wins our sympathy. It is a pity, therefore, that every now and again the good sense

is marred by a high-flown, ridiculous style, most unbefitting the plain, honest personages on which it is expended.

XX. STORIES BY XX. TELLERS. Edited by Leopold Wagner. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

These are emphatically stories—not "impressions," or studies of character, or aspects of problems, but stories—of the loves and adventures of people both commonplace and romantic, to whom something definite once upon a time happened. Among the twenty tellers are Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Mr. Robert Barr, and that is as much as to say that the stories are the reverse of dull.

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE. By Stephen Crane. 2s. 6d. Pioneer Series. (Heinemann.)

The conscientious, literal method of fiction much in vogue to-day, which registers sensations and gestures from minute to minute, and solemnly records the hero's wiping his shoes or placing one foot before the other in walking upstairs, has its ludicrous sides. But Mr. Crane, an American writer, new to us, and whom we wish to hear from again, has the genius to know how to apply it. There could be no better method for describing the sensations of a raw youth, newly enlisted, on the eve and in the hour of active service in the field. The youth's mind is a battle-ground too. His thoughts, his fears, his doubts, his words, his very gestures, are worth recording; for they mark, not an orderly progression but a genuine development of the untried civilian into the capable and daring soldier. What military courage means exactly for the average man you will learn here. The narrative is stamped with truth. Just so did the youth feel, you believe; just so did he act. It need not upset your ideals of heroism, but it will temper them with sense and reasonableness. The book has pictures of war in it that are masterly, and it is everywhere marked by the quiet power that war had proved the hero of it to possess. There were dark, fearful, and inglorious memories, but in the end he had acquitted himself well. "He had been to touch the great death, and found that, after all, it was but the great death. He was a man."

THE THREE IMPOSTORS. By Arthur Machen. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

The horrible is sweet to the taste of Mr. Machen. He plays with it a little frivolously at times, but now and then it does seriously take hold of him, and on some of these occasions it impresses us. A curious medley is this book of the sensational, the trivial, and the occult. Written on an old plan, some idea of its design and tone may be gathered from thinking of Stevenson's "Dynamiters," with the sprightliness and fun, but not the frivolity, left out, and with dark occult sin substituted for the grotesque. Every now and again we are struck with admiration of the picturesque and suggestive writing, and sometimes we think the same overweights what had been a better story if more plainly and briskly told. We thought for a time that Mr. Machen was fooling us with his horrible hints. (We had forgotten the contents of the prologue.) The hunt of the gold Tiberius, the ingenious imaginations of the three impostors, we had thought might end farcically. Perhaps his learning in the black arts would so have been wasted, but we wish he had some restraining qualities that would keep him from writing such horrors as those in his last chapter.

SEA YARNS FOR BOYS. Spun by an Old Salt. By W. J. Henderson. Illustrated. (S. Low.)

These are capital stories, if boys happen to be in the right vein for them. But adventure by land and sea they are wont to take rather seriously, trusting to the comic paper satire on ordinary matters of commonplace life to provide them with what will tickle their humour. The old salt was such a preposterous and incurable joker, that we can imagine serious and spirited boys getting hot and angry with him. But to those who have a less keen reverence for the traditional tales of perils and marvels, he will provide abundant amusement.

THE FAT AND THE THIN. By Emile Zola. Translated, with an introduction by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is the title given by the translator to Zola's "Ventre de Paris," his famous picture of life in and about the Halles. Zola never surpassed the descriptions here, though, save to those English readers ready to be interested by force and the closest observation in themselves, apart from what they are expended on, it will be accounted one of his least attractive books. The translation is excellent, both as translation and for its discretion. Mr. Vizetelly's preface is interesting, and his vindication of Zola against the assertions of M. Nadar that the idea was stolen from him, is conclusive.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

FOR PLAIN WOMEN ONLY. By George Fleming. The Mayfair Set. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

George Fleming has the manner of all the greatest, or at least all the most effectual, sages of the world. She speaks to babes or to persons of plain intellect in terms and by figures familiar to them. But these homely references cover depths of philosophy. Each man, each woman in this case, takes what she can away. The literal-minded, stung by the common-sense of the counsel, will hasten from these pages to a survey of her wardrobe and her person. More strength to her efforts!—and may she be joined by those who frivolously consider Aunt Lavinia's wit, and the comedy which she plays with the minor personages, Theodore and Miss Fanny Smyth, as meant only to amuse them, and by the others who accept it as a book of stern heroic morality! Which it is mainly we hardly know. The comedy is delicious; the straight counsels are particularly adapted to this very year of something other than grace; and the stern morality is of the bracing kind that tempts even weak mortals to venture on its practice. There is a chapter on mirrors which comprises the whole duty of a member of Society. LARGE LOOKING-GLASSES—live with these to learn your duty to your neighbour, to gain courage, to fit yourself into your place. But there, we are prosing, and George Fleming's profundity is not worn on her sleeve. It is by a right instinct that Aunt Lavinia's discourses are given a Shandean turn. She has all the irrelevance, the depth, the contradictoriness, the despotism, the sense of the significance of small things, which we have long loved in Tristram's father. Above all, she is courageous and spirited. Her wit is undoubted; her rapid characterisation of the outside, and the inside, too, of Englishwomen is supreme—as when she excitedly wonders "why three-quarters of the women of England should permanently remain dressed to face a crisis." But it is her unflinching spirit that is her master quality.

"'For what *is* plainness in a woman, Theodore? Answer me that!'

"'It is the common lot,' said I, sadly.

"'Fiddlesticks,' said my Aunt Lavinia. 'Plainness in a healthy woman is but the spiritless acceptance of a half-hearted defeat,' said she."

A happy and a brilliant book.

There are hours when you will get more out of Aunt Lavinia than you will out of Epictetus.

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By P. G. Hamerton. New Edition. (Seeley.)

This is perhaps the most original thing Hamerton ever wrote; certainly the most stimulating. He was tackling a hard subject; he did not say the final word, and he was sometimes rather verbose and vague. But over and over again he suggests the attitude towards the art of landscape which we feel is the true one. This is an eminently practical subject, if art is to appeal to the many. At every picture gallery you will hear remarks showing that the idea of imagination counting for anything in painting is never entertained at all. Poets have a less ignorant public to cater for. This book of Mr. Hamerton's is one that, written pleasantly, and addressed, as all his work so particularly is, to the English mind, might do something to bring to persons of ordinary cultivation a glimmering of what pictorial art aims at. The pictures from Claude, Corot, Dürer, Constable, Turner, and many others, are charming.

THE SPECTATOR IN LONDON. Essays by Addison and Steele. With Illustrations by Ralph Cleaver. (Seeley.)

Only second in charm to the Sir Roger de Coverley essays in the *Spectator* are those in which the town life in

Queen Anne's time is daintily described and gracefully satirised. Most of the latter are here—the chapters on Coffee Houses, on the Opera and the Playhouses, on London cries, on fine ladies, their patches and headdresses, on

From "The Spectator in London." (Seeley.)

citizens, shops, and beggars. It is superfluous to speak well of them. But here they are in the prettiest of editions, fully illustrated by Mr. Cleaver, who has a graceful, dainty, and humorous pencil. Presented so, the essays will easily oust for a quiet hour any of the books of our own day.

THE CARLYLES' CHELSEA HOME. Being some account of No. 5, Cheyne Row. By Reginald Blunt. 5s. net. (G. Bell.)

One is filled with admiration for the manner of Mr. Blunt's homage. Love, reverence, intimate knowledge, have gone to make this delightful guide-book, and no fulsomeness at all. A record of the existence of Carlyle and his wife within their Chelsea home, as far as possible in their own words and in the contemporary words of their friends, it satisfies a visitor's curiosity about details, and at the same time calls up, by names and circumstances, a great part of the literary history of the time. Plans, pictures, facsimiles, and the most beautiful of all the Carlyle photographs, vary the contents in a valuable and interesting way; while Mr. Blunt's piety has strewn thickly, but never irrelevantly, Carlyle mottoes throughout the book, which keep the reader in a right spirit, and decorate the page effectively.

ROUND ABOUT A BRIGHTON COACH OFFICE. By Maude Egerton King. Illustrated by Lucy Kemp-Welch. (Lane.)

The "Arcady Library" opens well with this book of quiet power and charm. It is the old Brighton of the Georges that is described, slowly growing up round a fishing village, and still homely for all its royal visitors, when the Steine was a beautiful greensward, and east of it "you were in open country from there to Rottingdean." The writer has succeeded in all the various purposes of the little book—which are to describe old Brighton and its queer characters, to give a whiff of the fresh air, a taste of the good company of the road along which Hyde's coaches ran, and to make readers at home in a humble but very lovely household, a haven of domestic peace. This last, which is the best fulfilled, may not be very Arcadian; neither are the other features, for that matter—unless "Arcadian" has come to mean merely simple and innocent. But, not to haggle over a name, let us say that the coachman's robust and gentle personality and the personalities of every member of his household are finely and effectively portrayed, and the few lightly drawn sketches of them, and the scenes, merry and sad, from their daily life, make us long that we had had the good luck to be their gentleman-boarder. We should have been just as fascinating, we fondly think, and then, so much more faithful.

ÆTHIOPUM SERVUS. A Study in Christian Altruism. By M. D. Petre. 2s. 6d. (Osgood.)

There is an interesting double purpose here. The story of the life of Peter Claver, apostle to the slaves three hundred years ago—"Petrus Claver, Æthiopum semper servus," he wrote himself—it is also the history of the Church's attitude towards slavery. But there is a running comparison, too, between the altruism of Claver's day and of ours. So far as it is argumentative, the book is not very strong; but its suggestions of the other side of the question to the enthusiasts who are now battling against physical suffering and want are worth listening to. Very old they are, but not worn out for all purposes. Personal responsibility for sin on the part of the wronged and the miserable is not a text very much in harmony with the best thought of to-day, and the doctrine of "Blessed are they that mourn" is not considered to have any application except to the well-to-do. It is, on the whole, better so; but for whatever is too materialistic or too sentimental in our present attitude towards suffering Mr. Petre's story and comments are a gentle corrective.

OLD WORLD JAPAN. Legends of the Land of the Gods. Retold by Frank Rinder. With Illustrations by T. H. Robinson. (G. Allen.)

Mr. Rinder has had no idea of completeness in making this collection. That each tale should be poetical, delicate, exquisite in tone, has been his care. He has found a sympathetic illustrator in Mr. Robinson, and the two have collaborated in making a beautiful book. A few of the stories are of such diaphanous material that our rougher Western imaginations can hardly grasp them. Others again take hold of our very hearts by their tender grace. "The Star Lovers," "Autumn and Spring," "The Island of Eternal Youth," are such. This last has this special charm of the heart. A legend of many countries, it has never been more wistfully told, how, after many hundred years of the wonderful country where no remembrance of pain ever entered, weariness came at last. The exile from death longed for death, but the dark river does not flow through Horaizan, and he voluntarily sought the mortal lands again. There is a story which suggests, or might have suggested, the Mowghli tales, "The Child of the Forest." Only, here it is Kintaro the boy who goes back to men, and the mother who stays behind in the forest. Mr. Rinder makes all due acknowledgments to the earlier searchers among Japanese myths. But he deserves much credit for his selection and for his graceful manner of retelling.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING FROM ITS INVENTION. By Joseph Cundall. (S. Low.)

For a popular exposition of the subject this is excellent. We could wish the printing of the examples had been a little better, but for the sake of so much concise and precise information on the process, and on the men who have developed it, given in a book within the reach of all, we are willing to overlook a good many external faults, even some poor specimens of the art it deals with. It is a handy reference book, containing all an ordinary searcher will need to know.

THE SILVER FAIRY BOOK. With eighty-four illustrations by H. R. Millar. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Modern and very sophisticated writers have been drawn on for this collection—Hégesippe Moreau, Marmier, Madame de Girardin, among others, and even Sarah Bernhardt. Her contribution is more interesting, simply as being hers, than it is admirable. But the others are fine stories, and we feel grateful to the editor for going to and fro to seek them, among French and German as well as English books, from modern poets as well as folk-lore. The literary fairy-tale is seen here at its best. Marmier's "Golden Spinning Wheel," de Gramont's "Vizier and the Fly," "The Land of Youth," and "The Three Golden Hairs of Old Vsevede" are charming tales. The collection is marked by judgment and taste; and Mr. Millar has made many graceful pictures for it.

TWO LITTLE PILGRIMS' PROGRESS. A Story of the City Beautiful. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by R. W. Macbeth. (F. Warne.)

Sympathy with children, and respect for them, are expressed in every page of this touching yet most happy story. The resolute determination of the little brother and sister,

From "Two Little Pilgrims' Progress." (Warne.)

poor and neglected, but rich in imagination and strength of character, to see the City Beautiful, the earthly presentment of which is the Chicago Exhibition, makes the prettiest story outside fairy ones we have read for many a long day. Mrs. Burnett is fortunate in having Mr. Macbeth as her illustrator.

AN ARTIST IN THE HIMALAYAS. By A. D. McCormick Illustrated by over 100 Original Sketches made on the Journey. (Unwin.)

There must be few readers of adventure and travel but have read Sir William Conway's account of his Himalayan exploration. They will remember that the artist of the expedition, Mr. McCormick, took a very active and plucky part in the enterprise. Mr. McCormick now attempts, very successfully, to give an idea of the picturesque aspect of the journey, and a personal narrative which will appeal to the lover of scenery and the searcher for adventure rather than to the geographical student. Between his lively story and his admirable sketches he has made a very attractive book. He has put in nothing trivial that is not humanly or picturesquely interesting, and by his spirited view of things, his appetite for the new and strange, and his enthusiasm for his leader, he makes friends of his readers inevitably. He is full of gratitude to fate for his share in the expedition, the year spent in it being, he says, "the fullest in my life, the strangest, the most wonderful." The pursuit of art has not enfeebled his energies. "There I came closest into contact with real men and real fighters; there I learnt what it is to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict with the mightiest forces of the universe; and there I saw what perseverance, foresight, and endurance can hope to accomplish."

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

A. B. T.—Sowing to the Spirit .....Stock
[*Religious addresses intended mainly for young people in the years that follow Confirmation.*]

AITKEN, W. H.—Temptation and Toil, 3/6.....Isbister
[*Two sets of addresses, which had special audiences in view—the really tempted and the workers and over-workers. Mr. Aitken speaks simply and very directly to them.*]

ANDERSON, R.—Daniel in the Critics' Den, a Reply to Dean Farrar, 3/6.....Blackwood

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AQUINAS, T. S.—Cogitationes, Concionales, edited by J. M. Ashley Hodges
[216 *short sermon reflections on the Dominical Gospels of the Church's year, selected from the Summa Theologica of S. Thomas Aquinas.*]

BERNARD, J. H.—From Faith to Faith, 3/6.....Isbister
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BEET, J. A.—The New Life in Christ, 6/6 .....Hodder & Stoughton
[*A supplementary volume to the author's "Through Christ to God," which dealt more with the theological and historical side of Christian faith, while in this one "inward spiritual experience and practical life" are the principal themes.*]

BIRD, R.—Joseph the Dreamer, 5/- .....Longmans

BOSCAWEN, Hon. G.—The Commandment with Promise, 3/6 Stock

BOYD-CARPENTER, W.—Some Thoughts on Christian Reunion, 3/6 Macmillan
[*Thoughtful and not at all conventional addresses on a subject engrossing the minds of many Churchmen to-day. The sum of Bishop Boyd-Carpenter's advice is to seek first concord of spirit rather than unity of opinion.*]

BOWRING, Sir J.—Matins and Vespers, with Hymns and Poems, 3/- net.....F. Green

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[*A thoughtful essay. The writer speaks from a Christian standpoint, but impartially examines the growth of the religious idea, and its development under many creeds.*]

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[*Dean Farrar contributes a chapter on "The Unspeakable Value of Early Lessons in Scripture" to his daughter's pleasant versions of the Bible stories. Mr. Hallward's illustrations are imaginative, but not very well executed.*]

Glover, E., Memorials of, comprising Twelve Sermons, edited by G. Glover, and a brief Memoir by M. J. C., 3/- net Macmillan

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[*An interesting historical study of the English and American development of Puritanism, clear, business-like, and moderate in tone. Perhaps the underlying idea that Puritanism and conscientiousness are nearly identical may stir dissent in a reader, but there is no intolerant spirit visible.*]

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[*Sixty short sermons by Spurgeon, with a sketch of his life.*]

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[*A very valuable selection from the religious writings of the world in prose and verse. All creeds and nations are represented whose literature contains anything of the profound and exalted nature which the standard demands. We may wish to make additions, while at the same time acknowledging that Dr. Coupland has done his work well.*]

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MCCLYMONT, Rev. J. A.—The New Testament and its Writers. Guild Library, 1/6 .....Black
[*A revised and enlarged edition, more suitable for students beyond Bible classes than was the earlier one. This is one of the best volumes of a serviceable series.*]

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BARLOW, J.—Strangers at Lisconnel, 6/-.....Hodder & Stoughton
[*See p.* 126.]
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[*See p.* 130.]
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[*In the third edition much has been revised and rewritten. The last chapter, on the Effects of the Annual Production of the Precious Metals, Professor Nicholson means to be controversial. He invites criticism and suggestion.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between November 15th and December 15th, 1895:—

LONDON, W.C.

1. Trilby.
2. Second Jungle Book.
3. Hardy, Jude the Obscure.
4. Corelli's Sorrows of Satan.
5. The Days of Auld Lang Syne.
6. Meredith's Amazing Marriage. 2 vols.

Rossetti's Life, Arnold's Letters, and Watson's Father of the Forest, also selling very well.

LONDON, E.C.

1. Auld Lang Syne. 6s. (Hodder.)
2. Sweetheart Travellers. 6s. (Wells-Gardner.)
3. Muller (Dr.), Various Works. (Nisbet & Hodder.)
4. Murray, (A.), Various Works. (Nisbet.)
5. Church (Dean), Christmas Angel. 2s. 6d. (C.K.S.)
6. Farrar, Gathering Clouds. 28s. (Longmans.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Maclaren's Days of Auld Lang Syne.
2. Maclaren's Bonnie Brier Bush.
3. Corelli's Sorrows of Satan and Barabbas.
4. Stanley Weyman's books.
5. Rider Haggard's books.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Corelli, Sorrows of Satan.
2. Kipling, Second Jungle Book.
3. Hardy, Jude the Obscure.
4. Ian Maclaren, The Days of Auld Lang Syne.
5. Crockett, Sweetheart Travellers.
6. The Letters of Matthew Arnold. 2 vols.

BRADFORD.

1. Watson, Father of the Forest. 3s. 6d. net.
2. Maclaren, Auld Lang Syne. 6s.
3. Stevenson, Vailima Letters. 7s. 6d.
4. Crockett, Sweetheart Travellers. 6s.
5. Pageant. 6s. net.
6. Corelli, Sorrows of Satan. 6s.

GLASGOW.

1. The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen. By Professor Ramsay. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Red True Story Book. By A. Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)
4. Sweetheart Travellers. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Gardner & Co.)
5. Joseph the Dreamer. By Robert Bird. 5s. (Longmans.)
6. Diary of Sir Michael Cormal, with Biographical Sketch. Edited by John C. Gibson. 3s. 6d. (Maclehose & Sons.)

We can hardly say that Christmas book sales are much to speak of. No doubt the severe weather, shipbuilders' strike, and church bazaars are against us.

SUNDERLAND.

1. Corelli, Sorrows of Satan. 6s.
2. Crockett, Sweetheart Travellers. 6s.
3. Ian Maclaren, Auld Lang Syne. 6s.
4. Ruskin's Works.
5. Du Maurier, Trilby. 6s.
6. Whitaker's Almanac and usual Christmas literature.

NOTTINGHAM.

1. Mistress Dorothy Marvin. 6s. (J. C. Snaith.)
2. The Days of Auld Lang Syne. 6s.
3. Trilby. 6s.
4. Men of the Moss Hags. 6s.
5. Red Cockade. 6s.
6. Red True Story Book. 6s.

YORK.

1. Days of Auld Lang Syne. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. The Sorrows of Satan. 6s. (Methuen.)
4. Story of the Earth. 1s. (Newnes.)
5. The Second Jungle Book. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. Mrs. Henry Wood's novels. 2s. (Bentley.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Fitzgerald's Letters to Fanny Kemble. 6s. (Bentley.)
2. The Apocrypha. Revised edition; all sizes. (Oxford Press.)
3. Doctor of the Old School. By Ian Maclaren. Illustrated. 9s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
4. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable. New edition. 10s. 6d. (Cassell & Co.)
5. Castle Lacy. By Mouchen. 6s. (Digby, Long & Co.)
6. Red Cockade. By Stanley Weyman. 6s. (Longmans.)

DUBLIN.

1. Ian Maclaren, Auld Lang Syne. 6s.
2. Barlow, Strangers at Lisconnel. 6s.
3. Weyman, The Red Cockade.
4. Ruskin, Studies in Both Arts. 21s. net.
5. Austin Dobson, illus. by Hugh Thomson. 6s.
6. Ramsay, St. Paul the Roman Citizen. 10s. 6d.

DUBLIN (2).

1. Memories of Father Healey. 6s. (Bentley.)
2. The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
3. Three Months in the Forests of France. By Miss Stokes. 12s. (Bell.)
4. Strangers at Lisconnel. By Jane Barlow. 6s. (Hodder.)
5. The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder.)
6. Whitaker's Almanac for 1896. 1s. and 2s. 6d. (Whitaker.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

(*Second-hand.*)

We don't think the second-hand book-selling trade have ever had a better Christmas than this.

LONDON, E.C.

(*Second-hand.*)

Second-hand trade quiet. Fair demand for works relating to Hymnology, Ireland, and Theology.

BURNLEY.

All the recent popular books selling well, but no sets moving or any regular stock.

BATH.

Trade much brisker than lately amongst the new book shops, dull in the old trade at present.

DERBY.

Business has been brisk during the early part of December with most classes of second-hand books, but until the New Year we expect very little will be done. The closing year has been a bad one for cash sales, and despite the spurt alluded to above, compares unfavourably with 1894. An extensive demand for good history, topography, and archæology.

Sale of books at Idridghay, near Wirksworth, where prices ruled high.

YORK.

Not much improvement in the trade generally.

The demand for magazines is increasing. The Strand takes the lead, but Chambers', Cassell's, the Windsor, and the Woman at Home are very popular.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Channing's Works, 4to edition.
Thomson's Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster.
Brabourne's Stories told to my Children.
Japp's Three Great Teachers.
Lewes' Life of Goethe, 2 vols.
Anderson (Surfaceman's) Poems.
Hogg's Life of Dr. John Wightman.
McTaggart's Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopædia.
Boyd's Recreations of a Country Parson (illus. edition).

Selous' Travels in Africa.
Balfour's Philosophic Doubt.
Buckle's History of Civilisation.
The Freers, by Mrs. Alexander.
Service's Salvation, Here and Hereafter.
Tristram's Rambles in Japan.

BARNICOTT & PEARCE, TAUNTON.

Bibliographical Society's Transactions, vol. 1.
St. Martin's-le-Grand Magazine, parts 1 to 20.
Vernon's Ingleside and Wayside Musings.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH STREET, HEREFORD.

Dore's Dante, parts 17 to end, 2s. each.
" Don Quixote, part 22, 7d.
Badminton, Hunting.
Buckland, Handbook of Mesmerism.
Marshall Hall, Mesmeric Experiments.
Modern Bethsaida.
Vital Magnetism, New York.
Aberdeen Magazine, 1789.
Engraving of Col. McQueen in uniform of Bedfordshire Yeomanry.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

Lucian's Works. Spence. 1684.
Aristophanes, Old English trans.
Any books printed before 1500.
Experiences of Flagellation.
Tortures or Flagellation, anything.
America, old works on.
Ireland's Napoleon.
Geneste's English Stage, 10 vols.
Lewis (Sir G. C.), any works by.
Lamb's Works, 2 vols., 1818.
Walpole's George II. and George III.
Yule's Marco Polo, 2 vols.
Comic Tales and Sketches, 2 vols., 1841.
Donne, Waller, Suckling, Poems.
Percy's Metallurgy.
Sappho, a study of the Hetaira.

MISS F. CURTIS, POTTERELLS, HATFIELD.

Magazine of Art, November, December, 1892.
Phil May's Winter Annual.
A Wanderer (Ogram Matuce).

WM. D'ALBY, 12, HOLTHAM ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

Trial of J. Blackburn for Forgery, Leeds, 1815.
Besieged Resident, Labouchere's.
Greene's Russian Army, atlas only.
London Missionary Transactions, 1799 onwards.
Wesleyan Banner, 1850 to 1854.

GEORGE GREGORY, 5, ARGYLE STREET, BATH.

Any old works on Turning or Lathe Work.

GOULDEN & CURRY, 61, HIGH STREET, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Spiritual Progress, by Fenelon.
Doing and Suffering. Sceley.
Lux Mundi, cheap.
Lost Lamb (untearable). T. S.

WILLIAM HARVIE, 37, MELVILLE DRIVE, MOTHERWELL, N.B.

Volumes of Wit and Wisdom Journal.
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(Reports without prices are fruitless.)
Cook's Voyages, complete edition.
Voice of Humanity, 4 vols.
Bourne, Great Western Railway.
Claret, Freemasonry (with lock and key).
Any miniature or tiny books.
Burke, Extinct Peerage.
" " Baronetage.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.

Napoleon raconté par L. Image.
Hyndman's Basis of Socialism.
Hook's Archbishops, vols. 10 and 12, orig. cloth.
Punch, Nov. 5, 1892, to end of 1895, in numbers.
Illustrated London News, 1895.
Wild Sports of Southern Africa.

MAWSON, SWAN & MORGAN, GREY STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Titian (Great Artists Series).
Skelton's Mary Stuart, 42s. ed.
Swinburne, Studies of Shakespeare, 1880.
Abbey and Overton's English Church in 18th Century.
Bailey's Magazine, Nos. 30-54.
Lecky's Rationalism.
" European Morals.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL CO., LD., LEAMINGTON SPA.

Denning's Field Geology.
Horton's Geology.
Bell's Shakespeare, 1788, British Library, Strand, vol. 7.
Aesop's Fables, words of one syllable.
Woman at Home, Oct., 1895.
Boot's Tree Painting.

FRANK MURRAY, MORAY HOUSE, DERBY.

Streeter, Pearls and Pearling Life.
Fore's Sporting Notes, vols. 10 and 12.
Seebohm, Siberia in Europe.
Belt, Naturalist in Nicaragua.
Westall, Views of Fountains Abbey.
Smee, My Garden.
Meyrick, Hist. of Cardiganshire.
George Dawson, Prayers.
Bourrienne, Napoleon, 4 vols., with plates, etc.
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Lloyd's Encyclopædic Dictionary (6d. parts).
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Any Monmouthshire books.
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Nichol's History of Leicestershire.

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Lewes's Philosophy, vol. 1, Knight, cl.
English Catalogue, 1890 94.
Jones' British Poets, vol. 4, boards, 1827.
Buckle's Civilisation, vol. 2, 1858.
Burns, vol. 3, Montrose, 1816.
Byron, vol. 1-3, 8vo, cl. boards, 1823.
Carlyle, Cromwell Letters, vol. 3, 1857.
" Wilhelm Meister, vol. 3, 1842.
Bibliographical Works at fair prices.

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Vol. 5 of Shelley's Works, edited by Shepherd, published by Chatto and Windus in Golden Library.

SANDELL & SMITH, 136, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Allen (John), Spiritual Exposition of the Old and New Testament, 4 vols., 1816.
Faber (F. W.), Life.
Craik's English Prose Selections.
Forbes on the 39 Articles, vol. 2, 1867.

W. H. SMITH, PUBLIC LIBRARY, DEWSBURY.

Lacroix's Manners, Customs, and Dress in the Middle Ages (illuminated edition), trans., 8vo.
Pamphlets printed and published in or that refer to Dewsbury and District.

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Eng. Hist. Review, part 10.
Keim, Jesus of Nazara, vols. 5, 6.
Hibbert Lectures, a set.
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Kelmscott, Keats.
" Shelley, 3 vols.
" Glittering Plain.

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Wilson's (W. D.) The State.
Bartholomew's Handy Reference Atlas.
Thayer's Greek Lexicon.
Oke's Magisterial Formulist.
Craik's History of English Literature, 2 vols., royal 8vo.
Stone's Justices Manual, 28th ed.
Taylor's Elements of Thought.
Low and Pulling's Dictionary of English History.
Gentleman's Magazine, 1816.
Butt's Italy, vol. 1., 1860.
Archbishop Landriot's Works, translated, any.

H. T. WAKE, FRITCHLEY, DERBY.

Gough's Bedford Missal.
History of Banbury, 1794.
J. Quicherat's Proces de Condamnation et de Rehabilitation de Jeanne D'Arc, 5 vols., Paris, 1841-9, or vol. 1 only.
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Lacroix's Military and Religious Life in the Middle Ages.
Beamish's Hist. of the German Legion, vol. 2 only.

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North's English Bells and Bell Lore.
Storer's Delineations of Fountains Abbey (Ripon).
Senator's Dilemma, a sketch.
Garry's Elocutionist, 1st edition.
Shorthand Magazine, vols. 39-45.
Hutchinson's Durham, 4to, vol. 3, 1823.
Archæologia, vols. 4 and 8.
American Library Journal, June and August, 1894.
Meisterschaft's System of Learning German.
Memorials of the Rebellion, 1569.

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Cassell's Magazine of Art, vols. 1 and 2, 5s. 6d.
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